GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

EDITED BY
FRANCIS W. HALSEY

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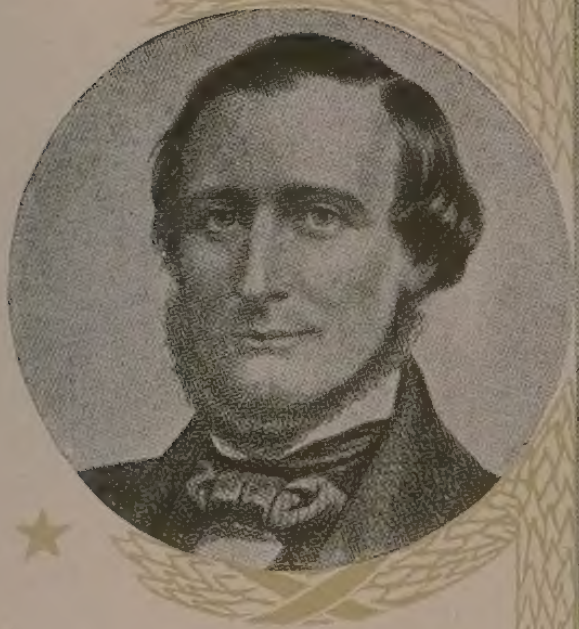

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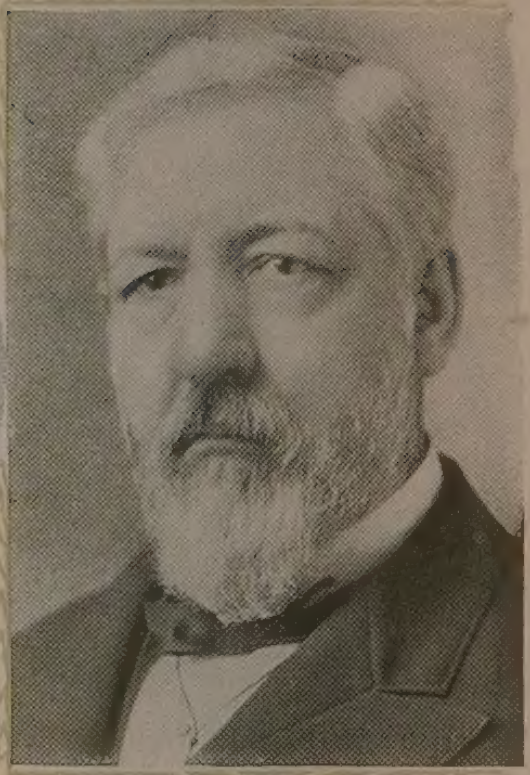

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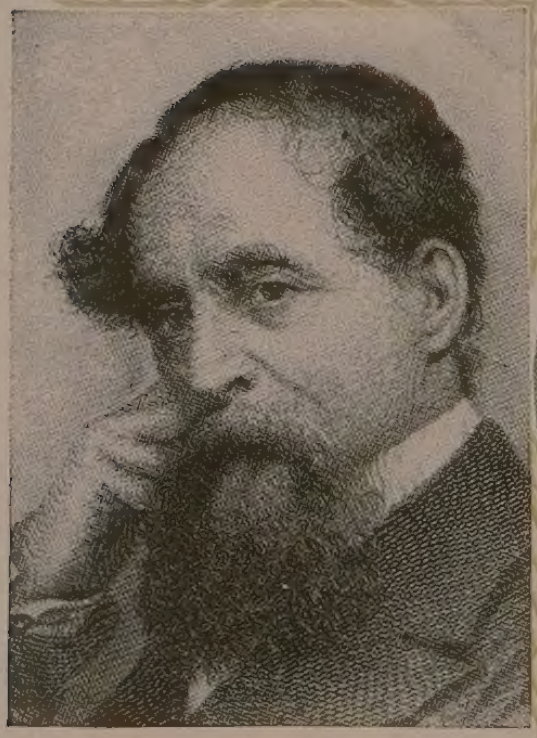

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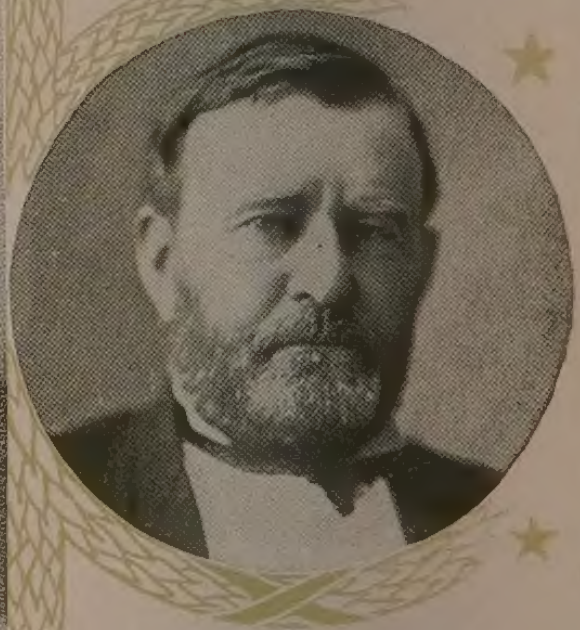

GEN. ULYSSES S. GRANT

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

DESCRIBED BY FAMOUS WRITERS

FROM COLUMBUS TO ROOSEVELT

Edited, with Introductions and Explanatory Notes

By FRANCIS W. HALSEY

Associate Editor of "The World's Famous Orations"; Associate Editor of "The Best of the World's Classics"; author of "The Old New York Frontier," etc.

IN TEN VOLUMES
ILLUSTRATED

Vol. IX
THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD
1865—1877

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INTRODUCTION

(*The Reconstruction Period*)

The war was over and, with all its horrors, blessings had come to the Republic. Supreme among these was the assurance that all the States were to remain united, and that slavery was overthrown. Out of the war came seven years later an international event which was to become a milestone on the highway of progress toward the peaceful settlement of disputes among nations—the Treaty of Washington and the Geneva Arbitration, by which what are known as the *Alabama* claims, were settled in court rather than on battle-fields.

Immediately after the war was laid successfully the Atlantic cable, by which the old world and the new, now at last, tho divided by 3,000 miles of water, had almost instantaneous communication one with the other. The same period saw accomplished the purchase of Alaska; for $7,200,000, a territory of 590,000 square miles, or more than the area of the original thirteen States, had been added to the Republic. Equally im-

portant was the completion of an enterprise, almost national in its promotion, which had been begun in the Civil War, and the need for which the war had accentuated—the first railway linking the Atlantic with the Pacific.

Peace had no sooner returned than the new union of States suffered a calamity with which no single event of the war itself is comparable—the death of Lincoln. He lived just long enough to make known in a public address, delivered two days after Lee's surrender, and at a Cabinet meeting, held on the day of his death, the views he entertained as to the reconstruction of the "States lately in rebellion." In a private conversation he had been known to say, "I'd just let 'em off easy."

Lincoln's wisdom as derived from experience, joined to that native wisdom which in him was supreme, unhappily was not the possession of Lincoln's successor. Andrew Johnson held views toward the South very similar to those of Lincoln; what he lacked in woful degree was Lincoln's tact and vision, and his experience of public life. The melancholy history of his four years of attempted administration illustrates con-

spicuously the importance not only of being right, but of doing things in the right way. The men against whom Johnson contended might have offered obstructions to Lincoln, had Lincoln lived, but Lincoln would have possest a great advantage which Johnson never gained—the irresistible force of an enlightened public opinion supporting him in the North, and, to a considerable extent, an enlightened public opinion in the South, to which he would have listened.

When excuses are sought for the "Radicals," the best available are no doubt Johnson's stubborn resistance to most things they undertook to do, and especially his vetoes of bills affecting the South which they felt compelled again and again to pass over his head. Measures were put forward with much heat, as in the interest of humanity and good government, when they were often inspired by base motives—an ambition to establish the prestige of "Radicals" in the Government. To the "Radicals" the war had been little more than a conflict waged for the freedom of slaves. Its outcome, to their minds, had imposed upon Congress the obligation of adding to freedom universal negro suffrage.

Most writers on the subject are clear enough now that Congress exceeded its functions in much of the legislation of that period, and not alone writers of the past ten years, but men who lived through the whole epoch and whose affiliations were with the Republican party, among them Salmon P. Chase and John Sherman. No doubt "Radicals" who joined to their radicalism a spirit little short of revolutionary are in a measure to be excused because Congress in their time had inherited from the war a habit of exercising power arbitrarily. Lincoln had been compelled to act arbitrarily, if not actually to strain the Constitution, because of the necessities of the time. The War Department was under the same necessity; this department in practically all the great activities of the Government, became for a time the Government itself.

Of the desolation, the political and social misery, inflicted on the South by the reconstruction act of March 2, 1867, no adequate story has been written. Most Northern men have been only too glad to forget it, while to Southern writers its horrors were so terrible and the blessings which ensued on the final withdrawal of troops

in 1877 so unspeakably beneficent, that they too have been glad to relegate it to the limbo of things unfit for remembrance.[1] The practical effects of the reconstruction act were revolutionary. It excluded from voting the most influential whites in the country, the men whose counsel and example were most needed in reconstruction. These men were ruthlessly put aside and the ballot thrust upon all colored men of adult age. Meanwhile, a horde of unscrupulous adventurers from the North, bent mainly on plunder, were permitted to take control of the State governments, aided by black men having majorities in the legislatures.

Under these conditions there set in an extraordinary reign of crime to which modern times afford no parallel. Negro legislatures and plundering "carpet-baggers," with Federal troops helping them to maintain supremacy, debauched and made miserable the whole social, industrial

[1] Occasionally a writer has ventured to give luminous glimpses of those horrors—for example, Harry Thurston Peck, in his "Twenty Years of the Republic": "There was seen the spectacle of Governors of States carrying with them to low orgies bundles of State bonds, of which they filled in the amounts according as they needed the money for debauchery. Legislative halls which had been honored by the presence of learned jurists and distinguished law-givers were filled with a rabble of plantation-hands who yelled and jabbered like so many apes, while drunken wenches sprawled upon the dais before the speaker's rostrum."

and political life of the South. When their reign was over, there had been added to State debts a total sum of $300,000,000. Some of these "carpet-baggers" were honorable and capable men, among them Chamberlain of South Carolina, but they were mostly bad, the extreme of badness being probably reached in Moses. It was estimated in 1874 that in South Carolina at least 200 black men who could not read or write a word were trial justices, while others equally illiterate were superintendents of schools.

After the withdrawal of troops in 1877, normal conditions returned to the South, and something like reconstruction had an opportunity to make a beginning. Intelligent whites, such as Wade Hampton, the new Governor of South Carolina, came into their own once more, and the South, weary and prostrate after sixteen years of war and plunder, entered upon a new career which, in the present decade, has brought her greater proportional advances in social and material things than has taken place anywhere else within our borders.

F. W. H.

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THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD

1865—1877

LINCOLN AND RECONSTRUCTION

(1865)

I

GEN. JOHN B. GORDON'S IMPRESSIONS AT APPOMATTOX[1]

The Confederates who clung to those pieces of battered bunting knew they would never again wave as martial ensigns above embattled hosts; but they wanted to keep them, just as they wanted to keep the old canteen with a bullet-hole through it, or the rusty gray jackets that had been torn by canister. They loved those flags, and will love them forever, as mementoes of the unparalleled struggle. They cherish them because they represent the consecration and courage not only of Lee's army, but of all the Southern armies, because they symbolize the bloodshed and the glory of nearly a thousand battles. . . .

During these last scenes at Appomattox some of the Confederates were so deprest in spirit, so filled with apprehensions as to the policy to be adopted by the civil authorities at Washington, that the future seemed to them shrouded in gloom. They knew that burnt homes and fenceless farms,

[1] From Gordon's "Recollections of the Civil War." By permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyright, 1904. General Gordon is here writing of what took place at Appomattox in his own command on the day of Lee's surrender.

poverty and ashes, would greet them on their return from the war. Even if the administration at Washington should be friendly, they did not believe that the Southern States could recover in half a century from the chaotic condition in which the war had left them. The situation was enough to daunt the most hopeful and appal the stoutest hearts. . . .

The arms were stacked and the battle-flags were folded. Those sad and suffering men, many of them weeping as they saw the old banners laid upon the stacked guns like trappings on the coffin of their dead hopes, at once gathered in compact mass around me. Sitting on my horse in the midst of them, I spoke to them for the last time as their commander. In all my past life I had never undertaken to speak where my own emotions were so literally overwhelming. I counselled such course of action as I believed most conducive to the welfare of the South and of the whole country. I told them of my own grief, which almost stifled utterance, and that I realized most keenly the sorrow that was breaking their hearts, and appreciated fully the countless and stupendous barriers across the paths they were to tread.

Reminding them of the benign Southern climate, of the fertility of their lands, of the vastly increased demand for the South's great staple and the high prices paid for it, I offered these facts as legitimate bases of hope and encouragement. I said to them that through the rifts in the clouds then above us I could see the hand of Almighty God stretched out to help us in the impending battle with adversity; that He would guide us in the gloom, and bless every manly effort to bring

back to desolated homes the sunshine and comforts of former years. . . .

As I began to speak from my horse, large numbers of Union soldiers came near to hear what I had to say, giving me a rather queerly mixed audience. The Hon. Elihu Washburne, afterward United States Minister to France, the close friend of both President Lincoln and General Grant, was present at the surrender, as the guest of the Union commander. He either heard this parting speech or else its substance was reported to him. As soon as the formalities were ended, he made himself known to me, and in a most gracious manner exprest his pleasure at the general trend of my remarks. He assured me that the South would receive generous treatment at the hands of the general Government. My special object in referring to Mr. Washburne in this connection is to leave on record an emphatic statement made by him which greatly encouraged me. I can never forget his laconic answer to my inquiry: "Why do you think, Mr. Washburne, that the South will be generously dealt with by the Government?" "Because Abraham Lincoln is at its head," was his reply.

I knew something of Mr. Lincoln's past history, of his lifelong hostility to slavery, of his Emancipation Proclamation and vigorous prosecution of the war; but I had no knowledge whatever of any kindly sentiment entertained by him toward the Southern people. The emphatic words of Mr. Washburne, his intimate friend and counselor, greatly interested me. I was with Mr. Washburne for several succeeding days—we rode on horseback together from Appomattox back

toward Petersburg; and his description of Mr. Lincoln's character, of his genial and philanthropic nature, accompanied with illustrative anecdotes, was not only extremely entertaining, but was to me a revelation. He supported his declaration as to Mr. Lincoln's kindly sentiments by giving an elaborate and detailed account of his meeting with our commissioners at Hampton Roads. He exprest the opinion that the President went to that meeting with the fixt purpose of ending the war by granting the most liberal terms, provided the Southern commissioners acquiesced in the *sine qua non*—the restoration of the Union.

We parted at Petersburg, and among the last things he enjoined was faith in the kindly purposes of Abraham Lincoln in reference to the Southern people. Mr. Washburne said that the President would recommend to Congress such legislation as in his opinion would promote the prosperity of the South. He was emphatic in his declaration that Mr. Lincoln desired only the restoration of the Union—that even the abolition of slavery was secondary to this prime object. He stated that the President had declared that if he could restore the Union without abolition, he would gladly do it; if he could save the Union by partial abolition of slavery, he would do it that way; but that if it became necessary to abolish slavery entirely in order to save the Union, then slavery would be abolished; that as his great object had been achieved by the surrender of Lee's army, it would speedily be known to the Southern people that the President was deeply concerned for their welfare, that there would be no prosecutions and no discrimination, but that the States' governments

would be promptly recognized, and every effort made to help the Southern people. These impressive assurances were adding strength to my hopes when the whole country was shocked by the assassination of the President. . . .

The magnanimity exhibited at Appomattox justifies me in recording here my conviction that, had it been possible for General Grant and his soldiers to foresee the bloody sweat which through ten successive years was to be wrung from Southern brows, the whole Union army would then and there have resolved to combat all unfriendly legislation. Or, later, if Booth's bullet had not terminated the life filled with "charity to all and malice toward none," President Lincoln's benign purposes, seconded by the great-hearted among our Northern countrymen, would have saved the South from those caricatures of government which cursed and crushed her.

In looking back now over that valley of death—the period of reconstruction—its waste and its woe, it is hard to realize that the worn and impoverished Confederates were able to go through it. The risen South of to-day is a memorial of the same patience, endurance, and valor which immortalized the four years' struggle for Southern independence.

II

LINCOLN'S SPEECH ON THE SUBJECT—HIS LAST WORDS IN PUBLIC[1]

(April 11, 1865)

We meet this evening, not in sorrow, but in gladness of heart. The evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond, and the surrender of the principal insurgent army, give hopes of a righteous and speedy peace, whose joyous expression can not be restrained. In the midst of this, however, He from whom all blessings flow must not be forgotten. A call for a National Thanksgiving is being prepared, and will be duly promulgated. Nor must those whose harder part gives us the cause for rejoicing be overlooked. Their honors must not be parceled out with others. I, myself, was near the front, and had the high pleasure of transmitting much of the good news to you; but no part of the honor for

[1] As reported in the New York *Tribune*. The circumstances in which Lincoln made this speech (only two days had passed since Lee's surrender), were thus described in the New York *Tribune:* "The Executive Departments, including the President's Mansion, were again illuminated and adorned with transparencies and national flags, as also many places of business and private dwellings. Bonfires were placed in many parts of the city, and rockets fired. Thousands of persons of both sexes repaired to the Executive Mansion, and, after several airs had been played by the band, the President, in response to numerous calls, appeared at an upper window and spoke." Lincoln read his speech from a carefully prepared manuscript. In making it, Nicolay and Hay state that he acted "in defiance of precedent and even of his own habit." Three nights later he was shot.

the plan or execution is mine. To General Grant, his skilful officers and brave men all belongs. The gallant navy stood ready, but was not in reach to take active part.

By these recent successes, the reorganization of the national authority—reconstruction, which has had a large share of thought from the first—is prest much more closely upon our attention. It is fraught with great difficulty. Unlike a case of war between independent nations, there is no authorized organ for us to treat with. No one man has authority to give up the rebellion for any other man. We simply must begin with and mold from disorganized and discordant elements. Nor is it a small additional embarrassment that we, the loyal people, differ among ourselves as to the mode, manner and measure of reconstruction.

As a general rule, I abstain from reading the reports of attacks upon myself, wishing not to be provoked by that to which I can not properly offer an answer. In spite of this precaution, however, it comes to my knowledge that I am much censured for some supposed agency in setting up and seeking to sustain the new State Government of Louisiana. In this I have done just so much and no more than the public knows. In the annual message of December, 1863, and the accompanying proclamation, I presented a plan of reconstruction,[2] as the phrase goes, which I promised, if adopted by any State, should be acceptable to and sustained by the Executive Government of the

[2] Early in 1863 Lincoln had desired that Louisiana, then in control of Federal troops, might form a Union government and resume the place among the States which in Lincoln's view it had never lost.

nation, I distinctly stated that this was not the only plan which might possibly be acceptable; and I also distinctly protested that the Executive claimed no right to say when or whether members should be admitted to seats in Congress from such States.

This plan was in advance submitted to the then Cabinet, and distinctly approved by every member of it. One of them suggested that I should then, and in that connection apply the Emancipation Proclamation to the theretofore excepted parts of Virginia and Louisiana; that I should drop the suggestion about apprenticeship for freed people, and that I should omit the protest against my own power in regard to the admission of members of Congress. But even he approved every part and parcel of the plan which has since been employed or touched by the action of Louisiana.

The new Constitution of Louisiana,[3] declaring emancipation for the whole State, practically applies the proclamation to the parts previously excepted. It does not adopt apprenticeship for freed-people, and is silent, as it could not well be otherwise, about the admission of members of Congress. So that, as it applied to Louisiana, every member of the Cabinet fully approved the plan. The message went to Congress, and I received many commendations of the plan, written and verbal, and not a single objection to it from any profest emancipationist came to my knowledge, until after the news reached Washington that the people of

[3] Early in 1864 Louisiana formed a Union government, and in September of this year chose a legislation and elected members of Congress, but the House of Representatives refused to admit these members.

Louisiana had begun to move in accordance with it.

From about July, 1862, I had corresponded with different persons supposed to be interested in seeking a reconstruction of a State government for Louisiana. When the message of 1863, with the plan before mentioned reached New Orleans, General Banks wrote me that he was confident that the people, with his military cooperation, would reconstruct substantially on that plan. I wrote to him and some of them to try it. They tried it, and the result is known. Such has been my only agency in getting up the Louisiana government. As to sustaining it, my promise is out, as before stated; but as bad promises are better broken than kept, I shall treat this as a bad promise, and break it whenever I shall be convinced that keeping it is adverse to the public interest, but I have not yet been so convinced.

I have been shown a letter on the subject (supposed to be an able one), in which the writer expresses regret that my mind has not seemed to be definitely fixt on the question whether the seceded States, so called, are in the Union or out of it. It would, perhaps, add astonishment to his regret, were he to learn that since I have found profest Union men endeavoring to answer that question I have purposely forborne any public expression upon it. As appears to me, that question has not been, nor yet is, a practically material one, and that any discussion of it, while it thus remains practically immaterial, could have no effect other than the mischievous one of dividing friends. Whatever it may hereafter become, that question is bad as the basis of a controversy, and good for nothing at all—a merely pernicious abstraction.

We all agree that the seceded States, so called, are out of their proper practical relation with the Union, and that the sole object of the Government, civil and military, in regard to those States, is again to get them into that proper practical relation. I believe that it is not only possible, but, in fact, easier, to do this without deciding, or even considering, whether those States have ever been out of the Union, than with it. Finding themselves safely at home, it would be utterly immaterial whether they had ever been abroad. Let us all join in doing the acts necessary to restore the proper practical relations between those States and the Union, and each forever after innocently indulge his own opinion, whether in doing the acts he brought the States from without into the Union, or only gave them proper assistance, they never having been out of it.

The amount of constituency, so to speak, on which the new Louisiana government rests, would be more satisfactory to all if it contained 50,000 or 30,000, or even 20,000, instead of only about 12,000, as it does. It is also unsatisfactory to some that the elective franchise is not given to the colored men. I would myself prefer that it were now conferred on the very intelligent and on those who served our cause as soldiers. Still the question is not whether the Louisiana government, as it stands, is quite all that is desirable. The question is, will it be wiser to take it as it is, and help to improve it, or to reject and disperse it? Can Louisiana be brought into proper practical relation with the Union sooner by sustaining or by discarding her new State government? Some 12,000 voters in the heretofore slave State of Louisi-

ana have sworn allegiance to the Union, assumed to be the rightful political power of the State, held elections, organized a State Government, adopted a free-State constitution, giving the benefit of the public schools equally to black and white, and empowered the legislature to confer elective franchise upon the colored men.

This legislature has already voted to ratify the constitutional amendment recently passsed by Congress abolishing slavery throughout the nation.[4] These 12,000 persons are thus fully committed to the Union, and to perpetuate freedom in the State, committed to the very things, and nearly all things the nation wants, and they ask the nation's recognition and its assistance to make good their committal.

Now, if we reject and spurn them, we do our utmost to disorganize and disperse them. We, in fact, say to the white man, You are worthless, or worse; we will neither help you, nor be helped by you. To the blacks we say: This cup of liberty, which these, your old masters, held to your lips, we will dash from you, and leave you to the chances of gathering the spilled and scattered contents in some vague and undefined when, where and how.

If this course of discouraging and paralyzing both white and black has any tendency to bring Louisiana into proper practical relations with the Union, I have so far been unable to perceive it. If, on the contrary, we sustain and recognize the new government of Louisiana, the converse of all this is made true. We encourage the hearts and nerve the arms of 12,000 to adhere to their work

[4] The Thirteenth Amendment.

and argue for it, and proselyte for it, and fight for it, and feed it, and grow it, and ripen it to a complete success.

The colored man, too, in seeing all united for him, is inspired with vigilance, and energy and daring to the same end. Grant that he desires the elective franchise, will he not attain it sooner by saving the already advanced steps toward it than by running backward over them? Concede that the new government of Louisiana is only to what it should be as the egg is to the fowl, we shall sooner have the fowl by hatching the egg than by smashing it.

Again, if we reject Louisiana, we also reject our vote in favor of the proposed amendment to the National Constitution. To meet this proposition, it has been argued that no more than three-fourths of those States which have not attempted secession are necessary to validly ratify the amendment. I do not commit myself against this further than to say that such a ratification would be questionable and sure to be persistently questioned, while a ratification by three-fifths of all the States would be unquestioned and unquestionable.

I repeat the question: Can Louisiana be brought into practical relation with the Union sooner by sustaining or by discarding her new State Government? What has been said of Louisiana will apply to other States. As yet these great peculiarities pertain to each State, and such important and sudden changes occur in the same State, and withal so new and unprecedented is the whole case, that no exclusive or inflexible plan can safely be prescribed as to details and collaterals. Such an exclusive and inflexible plan would surely

become a new entanglement. Important principles may and must be inflexible. In the present situation, as the phrase goes, it may be my duty to make some new announcement to the people of the South. I am considering, and shall not fail to act when satisfied that action will be proper.

LINCOLN'S PRESENTIMENT ON THE DAY OF HIS ASSASSINATION

(1865)

BY CHARLES DICKENS[1]

I am going to-morrow to see the President,[2] who has sent to me twice. I dined with Charles Sumner last Sunday, against my rule; and as I had stipulated for no party, Mr. Secretary Stanton was the only other guest, besides his own secretary. Stanton is a man with a very remarkable memory, and extraordinarily familiar with my books. He and Sumner having been the first two public men at the dying President's bedside, and having remained with him until he breathed his last, we fell into a very interesting conversation after dinner, when, each of them giving his own narrative separately, the usual discrepancies about details of time were observable. Then Mr. Stanton told me a curious little story which will form the remainder of this short letter.

On the afternoon of the day on which the President was shot, there was a cabinet council at which

[1] From a letter by Dickens, written from Washington in February, 1868, to friends in England. Printed in Forster's "Life of Dickens." Dickens was then making his second visit to the United States as described in a later part of this volume.

[2] Andrew Johnson.

he presided. Mr. Stanton, being at the time commander-in-chief of the Northern troops that were concentrated about here, arrived rather late. Indeed, they were waiting for him, and on his entering the room, the President broke off in something he was saying, and remarked: "Let us proceed to business, gentlemen." Mr. Stanton then noticed, with great surprize, that the President sat with an air of dignity in his chair instead of lolling about it in the most ungainly attitudes, as his invariable custom was; and that instead of telling irrelevant or questionable stories, he was grave and calm, and quite a different man.

Mr. Stanton, on leaving the council with the Attorney-General, said to him, "That is the most satisfactory cabinet meeting I have attended for many a long day! What an extraordinary change in Mr. Lincoln!" The Attorney-General replied, "We all saw it, before you came in. While we were waiting for you, he said, with his chin down on his breast, "Gentlemen, something very extraordinary is going to happen, and that very soon." To which the Attorney-General had observed, "Something good, sir, I hope?" when the President answered very gravely: "I don't know; I don't know. But it will happen, and shortly, too!" As they were all imprest by his manner, the Attorney-General took him up again: "Have you received any information, sir, not yet disclosed to us?" "No," answered the President; "but I have had a dream. And I have now had the same dream three times. Once, on the night preceding the Battle of Bull Run. Once, on the night preceding" such another (naming a battle also not favorable to the North). His chin sank on his

breast again, and he sat reflecting. "Might one ask the nature of this dream, sir?" said the Attorney-General. "Well," replied the President, without lifting his head or changing his attitude, "I am on a great broad rolling river—and I am in a boat—and I drift—and I drift!—But this is not business—" suddenly raising his face and looking round the table as Mr. Stanton entered, "let us proceed to business, gentlemen." Mr. Stanton and the Attorney-General said, as they walked on together, it would be curious to notice whether anything ensued on this; and they agreed to notice. He was shot that night.

THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN

(1865)

I

SECRETARY STANTON'S OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT[1]

This evening at about 9:30 P. M., at Ford's Theater, the President, while sitting in his private box with Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris, and Major Rathbone, was shot by an assassin who suddenly entered the box and approached the President. The assassin then leapt upon the stage, brandished a large dagger or knife, and made his escape in the rear of the theater. The pistol-ball entered the back of the President's head and penetrated nearly through the head. The wound is mortal. The President has been insensible ever since it was inflicted and is now dying.

About the same hour an assassin, whether the same or not, entered Mr. Seward's apartments, and under the pretense of having a prescription, was shown to the Secretary's sick chamber. The assassin immediately rushed to the bed, and inflicted two or three stabs on the throat and two on the face. It is hoped the wounds may not be mortal. My apprehension is that they will prove

[1] As printed in the newspapers of April 15, 1865. Lincoln was shot shortly after 10 o'clock P.M., and died at 7:22 the following morning.

fatal. The nurse alarmed Mr. Frederick Seward, who was in an adjoining room, and hastened to the door of his father's room, when he met the assassin, who inflicted upon him one or more dangerous wounds. The recovery of Frederick Seward is doubtful.

It is not probable that the President will live throughout the night. General Grant and wife were advertised to be at the theater this evening, but he started for Burlington at six o'clock this evening. At a cabinet meeting at which General Grant was present, the subject of the state of the country, and the prospect of a speedy peace was discust. The President was very cheerful and hopeful, and spoke very kindly of General Lee and others of the Confederacy, and of the establishment of government in Virginia. All the members of the cabinet, except Mr. Seward, are now in attendance upon the President.

I have seen Mr. Seward, but he and Frederick are both unconscious.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

April 14, 1865.

II

AS REPORTED IN THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE"[1]

We give the dispatches in the order in which they reached us, the first having been received a little before midnight, for we know that every line, every letter will be read with the intensest interest. In the sudden shock of a calamity so appalling, we can do little else than give such details of the murder of the President as have reached us. Sudden death is always overwhelming; assassination of the humblest of men is always frightfully startling; when the head of thirty millions of people is hurried into eternity by the hand of a murderer—that head a man so good, so wise, so noble as Abraham Lincoln, the chief magistrate of a nation in the condition of ours at this moment—the sorrow and the shock are too great for many words. There are none in all this broad land to-day who love their country, who wish well to their race, that will not bow down in profound grief at the event it has brought upon us. For once all party rancor will be forgotten, and no right-thinking man can hear of Mr. Lincoln's death without accepting it as a national

[1] From the *Tribune* of April 15, 1865. So late was the hour, and so great the excitement and confusion in Washington, that none of the regular editions of the papers of the following morning had more than disconnected reports. The *Tribune's* thirteen short dispatches, here given as then printed, illustrate alike the confusion and the difficulties reporters had in learning details.

calamity. We can give in these its first moments, no thought of the future. God, in His inscrutable Providence, has thus visited the nation; the future we must leave to Him.

First Dispatch.

Washington, Friday, April 14, 1865.

To the Associated Press:

The President was shot in a theater to-night, and perhaps mortally wounded.

Second Dispatch.

To the Editors: Our Washington agent orders the dispatch about the President "stopt." Nothing is said about the truth or falsity of the dispatch.

Third Dispatch.

Special Dispatch to the New York Tribune:

The President was shot at Ford's Theater. The ball entered his neck.[2] It is not known whether the wound is mortal. Intense excitement.

Fourth Dispatch.

Special to the New York Tribune:

The President expired at a quarter to 12.[3]

Fifth Dispatch.

Washington, April 15—12:30 A. M.

To the Associated Press:

The President was shot in a theater to-night, and is perhaps mortally wounded. The President is not expected to live through the night. He was

[2] Lincoln was shot in the back of the head.

[3] A false report. Lincoln did not die until several hours later—at 7:22 in the morning.

shot at the theater. Secretary Seward was also assassinated. No arteries were cut. Particulars soon.

Sixth Dispatch.

Washington, Friday, April 14, 1865.

Special Dispatch to the New York Tribune:

Like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky spread the announcement that President Lincoln was shot while sitting in his box at Ford's Theater. The city is wild with excitement. A gentleman who was present thus describes the event: At about 10:30 o'clock in the midst of one of the acts, a pistol-shot was heard, and at the same instant a man leapt upon the stage from the same box occupied by the President, brandished a long knife, and shouted, *"Sic semper tyrannis!"* then rushed to rear of the scenes and out of the back door of the theater. So sudden was the whole thing that most persons in the theater supposed it a part of the play, and it was some minutes before the fearful tragedy was comprehended. The man was pursued, however, by some one connected with the theater to the outer door and seen to mount a horse and ride rapidly away. A regiment of cavalry have started in all directions, with orders to arrest every man found on horseback. Scarce had the news of this horror been detailed, when couriers came from Secretary Seward's, announcing that he also had been assassinated.

Seventh Dispatch.

Washington, Friday, April 14, 1865.

Special Dispatch to the New York Tribune:

The President attended Ford's Theater, and about 10 o'clock an assassin entered his private

box and shot him in the back of the head. The ball lodged in his head, and he is now lying insensible in a house opposite the theater. No hopes are entertained of his recovery. Laura Keene[4] claims to have recognized the assassin as the actor, J. Wilkes Booth. A feeling of gloom like a pall has settled on the city.

About the same hour a horseman rode up to Secretary Seward's, and, dismounting, announced that he had a prescription to deliver to the Secretary in person. Major Seward and Miss Seward were with their father at the time. Being admitted the assassin delivered the pretended prescription to the Secretary in bed, and immediately cut his throat from ear to ear.[5] Fortunately the jugular vein was not severed, and it is possible that Mr. Seward may survive. Secretary Stanton was undisturbed at his residence. Thus far, no other murderous demonstrations are reported. It is deemed Providential that General Grant left tonight for New Jersey. He was publicly announced to be present at the theater with the President.[6] Ten thousand rumors are afloat, and the most intense and painful excitement pervades the city.

[4] Laura Keene was playing in "Our American Cousin," a play afterward recast into "Lord Dundreary," in which the elder Southern achieved much reputation.

[5] Seward was struck in the face and neck several times with a dagger.

[6] Mrs. Lincoln had invited General and Mrs. Grant to go with her and the President, and the evening papers of Washington had announced that they would go, but the plans were changed, as General Grant had to leave by an afternoon train for Burlington, New Jersey. Major Rathbone and Miss Harris, daughter of Senator Harris, of New York, had then been asked in place of General and Mrs. Grant.

Eighth Dispatch.

Washington, Friday, April 14, 1865.

Special Dispatch to the New York Tribune:

The assassin is said to have gained entrance to the President's box by sending in his card requesting an interview. The box was occupied by Mrs. Lincoln and Colonel Parker[7] of General Grant's staff. The villain drew his pistol across Mrs. Lincoln's shoulder and fired. Colonel Parker sprang up and seized the assassin, but he wrested himself from his grip and sprang down upon the stage as described. His spur caught in the American flag as he descended, and threw him at length. He unloosed the spur and dashed to the rear, brandishing his knife and revolver.

Ninth Dispatch.

Washington, Friday, April 14, 1865.

To the Associated Press:

The screams of Mrs. Lincoln first disclosed the fact to the audience that the President had been shot, when all present rose to their feet, rushed toward the stage, many exclaiming, "Hang him, hang him!" The excitement was of the wildest possible description, and of course there was an abrupt termination to the theatrical performance.

There was a rush toward the President's box, when cries were heard: "Stand back and give him air." "Has any one stimulants?" On a hasty examination, it was found that the President had been shot through the head, above and back of the temporal bone, and that some of the brains were oozing out. He was removed to a private

[7] A mistake for Major Rathbone.

house opposite to the theater, and the Surgeon-General of the army and other surgeons sent for to attend to his condition.

On an examination of the private box, blood was discovered on the back of the cushioned rocking-chair on which the President had been sitting, also on the partition and on the floor. A common single-barreled pocket-pistol was found on the carpet. A military dispatch was placed in front of the private residence to which the President had been conveyed. An immense crowd was in front of it, all deeply anxious to learn the condition of the President. It had been previously announced that the wound was mortal, but all hoped otherwise. The shock to the community was terrible. At midnight the Cabinet, together with Messrs. Sumner, Colfax, and Farnsworth, Judge Curtis, Governor Oglesby, General Meigs, Colonel Hay[8] and a few personal friends, with Surgeon-General Barnes and his immediate assistants, were around his bedside. The President was in a state of syncope, totally insensible, and breathing slowly. The blood oozed from the wound at the back of his head. The surgeons exhausted every possible effort of medicinal skill, but all hope was gone.

The President and Mrs. Lincoln did not start for the theater until 8:15 o'clock. Speaker Colfax was at the White House at the time, and the President stated to him that he was to go. Mrs. Lincoln had not been well, but because the papers had announced that General Grant and they were to be present, and, as General Grant had gone

[8] John Hay, afterward Secretary of State. At the time of the shooting he and Lincoln's son Robert were sitting together in one of the rooms of the White House.

North, he did not wish the audience to be dispirited. He went with apparent reluctance, and urged Mr. Colfax to go with him, but that gentleman had made other engagements, and with Mr. Ashman, of Massachusetts, bade him good night.

Tenth Dispatch.

Washington, April 15—1 A. M.

Special Dispatch to the New York Tribune:

One of our reporters is just in from the Presidential mansion, who says an orderly reports the President still breathing, but beyond all probable recovery. The circumstances of Secretary Seward's assassination were thus narrated by a member of his household: A man on horseback rode to the Secretary's house, rang the bell and told the servant attending upon the door that he had a prescription from Dr. Verdi, Mr. Seward's attending physician, for the suffering Secretary, which he must deliver in person. The servant took him upstairs, and ushered him into Mr. Frederick Seward's room, where he delivered the same message, but was assured by young Mr. Seward that he could not see his father. He then started to retire, but he turned with an inaudible mutter and leveled a blow at Frederick with a slung-shot. A scuffle then ensued, in which the assassin used his knife, and very seriously wounded the Assistant Secretary; then rushing by him he passed through the door into the father's room. He found the Secretary in charge of his male nurse, and with an instantaneous rush he drew his knife and cut the Secretary's throat from ear to ear, then, lunging his knife into the nurse, he

darted out, when he encountered young Major Seward, who seized him and endeavored to detain him, without knowing the horrible tragedy he had enacted. He again used his knife and billy, but was most eager to escape, and as soon as he had cut himself loose fled to the outer door, mounting his horse and was off before the inmates could give to any one an alarm. In fact the wonderful suddenness with which both acts of brutality were enacted, is perhaps the most surprizing feature of this dire national calamity.

Eleventh Dispatch.

Washington, Friday, April 14—1:15 A. M.

Special Dispatch to the New York Tribune:

The President is slowly dying. The brain is slowly oozing through the bullet-hole in his forehead. He is of course insensible. There is an occasional lifting of his hand, and heavy stentorous breathing; that is all. Mrs. Lincoln and her two sons are in a room opposite to Ford's Theater, where the President was taken, and adjoining that where he is lying. Mr. Sumner is seated at the head of the bed. Secretary Stanton, Welles, Dennison, Usher, and McCulloch, and Mr. Speed are in the room. A large number of surgeons, generals, and personal family friends of Mr. Lincoln fill the house All are in tears. "Andy" Johnson is here. He was in bed in his room at the Kirkwood when the assassination was committed. He was immediately apprized of the event, and got up. The precaution was taken to provide a guard of soldiers for him, and these were at his door before the news was well through the evening. Captain

[Major] Rathbone of Albany was in the box with the President. He was slightly wounded.

Later—The accounts are confused and contradictory. One dispatch announces that the President died at 12:30 P. M. Another, an hour later, states that he is still living, but dying slowly. We go to press without knowing the exact truth, but presume there is not the slightest ground for hope. Mr. Seward and his son are both seriously wounded, but are not killed. But there can be little hope that the Secretary can rally with this additional and frightful wound.

Twelfth Dispatch.

Washington, Friday, April 14, 1865.

Special Dispatch to the New York Tribune:

Secretaries Stanton, Welles, and other prominent officers of the Government called at Secretary Seward's house to inquire into his condition, and there heard of the assassination of the President. They then proceeded to the house where he was lying, exhibiting, of course, intense anxiety and solicitude. An immense crowd was gathered in front of the President's house, and a strong guard was also stationed there, many persons evidently supposing he would be brought to his home. The entire city to-night presents a scene of the wildest excitement, accompanied by violent expressions of indignation, and the profoundest sorrow; many shed tears. The military authorities have dispatched mounted patrols in every direction, in order, if possible, to arrest the assassins. The whole metropolitan police are likewise vigilant for the same purpose. The attacks, both at the theater

and at Secretary Seward's house, took place at about the same hour—ten o'clock—thus showing a preconcerted plan to assassinate those gentlemen. Some evidences of the guilt of the party who attacked the President are in the possession of the police. Vice-President Johnson is in the city, and his headquarters are guarded by troops.

Thirteenth Dispatch.

Washington, Friday, April 14, 1865.

Special Dispatch to the New York Tribune:

It was Major Rathbone, late of General Burnside's staff, and stepson of Senator Harris, with Miss Harris, who were in the box with Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln. The captain received a wound in the arm in his effort to detain the assassin. The President is rapidly sinking, and the attending surgeons say he will expire in a very short time. Secretary Seward has just dropt into a comfortable sleep. His pulse remains full, and his physicians pronounce him in a hopeful state.

A burden of anxiety has been lifted by a dispatch just received from General Grant. The train reached Philadelphia all right. The six rebel generals accompanied him on this train, while the remainder of the three or four hundred other officers below that rank, who arrived to-day, were sent to the Old Capitol.[9] There is one universal acclaim of accusation rising against J. Wilkes Booth as the assassin. If he be indeed innocent, popular feeling against him must be to him unbearable.

[9] Then used as a prison.

Fourteenth Dispatch.

Washington, Saturday, April 15—1:30 A. M.

Special Dispatch to the New York Tribune:

I have just visited the dying couch of Abraham Lincoln. He is now in the agonies of death, and his physicians say he cannot live more than an hour. He is surrounded by the members of his Cabinet, all of whom are bathed in tears. Senator Sumner is seated on the right of the couch on which he is lying, the tears streaming down his cheeks and sobbing like a child. All around him are his physicians, Surgeon-General Barnes directing affairs. The President is unconscious, and the only sign of life he exhibits is by the movement of his right hand, which he raises feebly. Mrs. Lincoln and her two sons are in an adjoining room, into which Secretary Stanton has just gone to inform them that the President's physicians have pronounced his case hopeless. As I passed through the passage to the front door I hear shrieks and cries proceeding from the room in which the grief-stricken wife and children are seated.

Fifteenth Dispatch.

Washington, Saturday, April 15—2:12 A. M.

Special Dispatch to the New York Tribune:

The President is still living, but he is growing weaker. The ball is lodged in the brain three inches from where it entered the skull. He remains insensible, and his condition is utterly hopeless. The Vice-President has been to see him; but

all company, except the members of the Cabinet and of the family, is rigidly excluded. Large crowds still continue in the street, as near to the house as the line of guards allows.[10]

[10] Five hours later Lincoln died. Stanton broke the silence with his historic comment, "Now he belongs to the ages."

THE FUNERAL OF LINCOLN

(1865)

BY JAMES G. BLAINE[1]

The remains of the late President lay in state at the Executive Mansion for four days. The entire city seemed as a house of mourning. It was remarked that even the little children in the streets wore no smiles upon their faces, so deeply were they imprest by the calamity which had brought grief to every loyal heart. The martial music which had been resounding in glad celebration of the national triumph had ceased; public edifice and private mansion were alike draped with the insignia of grief; the flag of the Union, which had been waving more proudly than ever before, was now lowered to half-mast, giving mute but significant expression to the sorrow that was felt wherever on sea or land that flag was honored.

Funeral services, conducted by the leading clergymen of the city, were held in the East Room on Wednesday, the 19th of April. Amid the solemn tolling of church-bells, and the still more solemn thundering of minute-guns from the vast line of fortifications which had protected Washington, the body, escorted by an imposing military and civic procession, was transferred to

[1] From Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress." By permission of Mrs. Walter Damrosch and James G. Blaine, Jr., owners of the copyright. Copyright, 1884.

the rotunda of the Capitol. The day was observed throughout the Union as one of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. The deep feeling of the people found expression in all the forms of religious solemnity. Services in the churches throughout the land were held in unison with the services at the Executive Mansion, and were everywhere attended with exhibition of profound personal grief. In all the cities of Canada business was suspended, public meetings of condolence with a kindred people were held, and prayers were read in the churches. Throughout the Confederate States where war had ceased but peace had not yet come, the people joined in significant expressions of sorrow over the death of him whose very name they had been taught to execrate.

Early on the morning of the 21st the body was removed from the Capitol and placed on the funeral-car which was to transport it to its final resting-place in Illinois. The remains of a little son, who had died three years before, were taken from their burial-place in Georgetown, and borne with those of his father for final sepulcher in the stately mausoleum which the public mind had already decreed to the illustrious martyr. The train which moved from the National Capital was attended on its course by extraordinary manifestations of grief on the part of the people. Baltimore, which had reluctantly and sullenly submitted to Mr. Lincoln's formal inauguration and to his authority as President, now showed every mark of honor and of homage as his body was borne through her streets, Confederate and Unionist alike realizing the magnitude of the calamity which had overwhelmed both North and South.

In Philadelphia the entire population did reverence to the memory of the murdered patriot. A procession of more than a hundred thousand persons formed his funeral cortège to Independence Hall, where the body remained until the ensuing day. The silence of the sorrowful night was in strange contrast with the scene in the same place, four years before, when Mr. Lincoln, in the anxieties and perils of the opening rebellion, hoisted the national flag over our ancient Temple of Liberty, and before a great and applauding multitude defended the principles which that flag typifies. He concluded in words which, deeply impressive at the time, proved sadly prophetic now that his dead body lay in a bloody shroud where his living form then stood: *"Sooner than surrender these principles, I would be assassinated on this spot."*

In the city of New York the popular feeling was, if possible, even more marked than in Philadelphia. The streets were so crowded that the procession moved with difficulty to the City Hall, where, amid the chantings of eight hundred singers, the body was placed upon the catafalque prepared for it. Throughout the day and throughout the entire night the living tide of sorrowful humanity flowed past the silent form. At the solemn hour of midnight the German musical societies sang a funeral hymn with an effect so impressive and so touching that thousands of strong men were in tears. Other than this no sound was heard throughout the night except the footsteps of the advancing and receding crowd. At sunrise many thousands still waiting in the park were obliged to turn away disappointed. It was observed that

every person who passed through the hall, even the humblest and poorest, wore the insignia of mourning. In a city accustomed to large assemblies and to unrestrained expressions of popular feeling, no such scene had ever been witnessed. On the afternoon appointed for the procession to move westward, all business was suspended, and the grief of New York found utterance in Union Square before a great concourse of people in a funeral oration by the historian Bancroft and in an elegiac ode by William Cullen Bryant.

Similar scenes were witnessed in the great cities along the entire route. Final obsequies were celebrated in Oakridge Cemetery near Springfield on the fourth day of May. Major-General Joseph Hooker acted as chief marshal upon the occasion, and an impressive sermon was pronounced by Bishop Simpson of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Perhaps in the history of the world no such outpouring of the people, no such exhibition of deep feeling, had ever been witnessed as on this funeral march from the National Capital to the capital of Illinois. The pomp with which sovereigns and nobles are interred is often formal rather than emotional, attaching to the rank rather than to the person. Louis Philippe appealed to the sympathy of France when he brought the body of the Emperor Napoleon from St. Helena twenty years after his death; but the popular feeling among the French was chiefly displayed in connection with the elaborate rites which attended the transfer of the dead hero to the Invalides, where the shattered remnants of his valiant and once conquering legions formed for the last time around him. Twelve years later the victorious rival by

whom the imperial warrior was at last overcome, received from the populace of London, as well as from the crown, the peers, and the commons of England, the heartiest tribute that Britons ever paid to human greatness.

The splendor of the ceremonials which aggrandize living royalty as much as they glorify dead heroism, was wholly wanting in the obsequies of Mr. Lincoln. No part was taken by the Government except the provision of a suitable military escort. All beyond was the spontaneous movement of the people. For seventeen hundred miles, through eight great States of the Union, whose population was not less than fifteen millions, an almost continuous procession of mourners attended the remains of the beloved President. There was no pageantry save their presence. There was no tribute but their tears. They bowed before the bier of him who had been prophet, priest, and king to his people, who had struck the shackles from the slave, who had taught a higher sense of duty to the free man, who had raised the Nation to a loftier conception of faith and hope and charity. A countless multitude of men, with music and banner and cheer and the inspiration of a great cause, presents a spectacle that engages the eye, fills the mind, appeals to the imagination. But the deepest sympathy of the soul is touched, the height of human sublimity is reached, when the same multitude, stricken with a common sorrow, stands with uncovered head, reverent and silent.

THE PURSUIT, CAPTURE, DEATH AND BURIAL OF BOOTH

(1865)

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER[1]

Colonel Baker's first step was the publication over his own name of a handbill offering $30,000 reward for the capture of the fugitives. Twenty thousand dollars of this amount was subscribed by the city of Washington, and the other $10,000 Colonel Baker offered on his own account, as authorized by the War Department. To this handbill minute descriptions of Booth and the unknown person who attempted the assassination of Secretary Seward were appended. Hardly had the bills been posted when the United States Government authorized the publication of additional rewards to the amount of $100,000 for the capture of Booth, Surratt, and Herold, Surratt at that time being suspected of direct complicity in the assassination. Three States increased this sum by $25,000 each, and many individuals and com-

[1] From an article by Mr. Baker in *McClure's Magazine* for May, 1897. By permission of the publishers. Copyright, 1897. The author is a cousin of Colonel L. C. Baker, the detective employed by Secretary Stanton to find the murderer of Lincoln. He is also a nephew of Lieutenant L. B. Baker, who was an aide to Colonel Baker. Mr. Baker's account is based on the recollections of his cousin and his uncle, as well as the records of the War Department and other documentary evidence.

panies, shocked by the awful atrocity of the crime, offered rewards in varying amounts. Fabulous stories were told of the wealth which the assassin's captor would receive, the sums being placed anywhere from $500,000 to $1,000,000. This prospect of winning a fortune at once sent hundreds of detectives, recently discharged Union officers and soldiers, and a vast host of mere adventurers—the flotsam of Washington—into the field, and the whole of southern Maryland and eastern Virginia was scoured and ransacked until it seemed as if a jack-rabbit could not have escaped. And yet, at the end of ten days, the assassins were still at large.

Booth was accompanied in his flight by a callow, stage-struck youth named David C. Herold, who was bound to the older man by the ties of a marvelous personal magnetism which the actor exercised as a part of his art. Two hours after the assassination the fugitives reached Mrs. Surratt's tavern, where Herold secured a carbine, two flasks of whisky, and a field-glass. They imparted the information with some show of pride that they had just killed the President of the United States. By this time Booth's broken leg had begun to give him excruciating pain, and the two rode without delay to the house of Dr. Mudd, a Southern sympathizer of the most pronounced type. Here the assassin's leg was set and splinted, for lack of better material, with bits of an old cigar-box. Rude crutches were whittled out by a friend of Dr. Mudd's, and on the following day Booth and his deluded follower rode on to the southward.

For more than a week they were hidden in a swamp near Port Tobacco by Samuel Cox and

Thomas Brown, both of whom were stanch Confederates. Here they were compelled to kill their horses for fear that a whinny might reveal their presence to their eager pursuers. After many attempts Brown was able to send the fugitives across the river in a little boat, for which Booth paid $300. Once in Virginia, and among Southerners, Booth felt that they would be safe; but in this supposition he was sorely disappointed. At least one prominent Confederate treated them as murderers and outcasts, and they were compelled to accept the help of negroes and to skulk and cower under assumed names. . . .

Colonel Baker sent Theodore Woodall, one of the detectives, into lower Maryland, accompanied by an expert telegrapher named Beckwith, who was to attach his instrument to the wires at any convenient point and report frequently to the headquarters at Washington. These men had been out less than two days when they discovered a voluble negro who told them quite promptly that two men answering to the description of Booth and Herold had crossed the Potomac below Port Tobacco on Saturday night (April 22d) in a fishing-boat. This evidence which had already been spurned by a company of troops, was regarded as of so much importance, that the negro was hurried to Washington by the next boat, where Colonel Baker questioned him closely, afterward showing him a large number of photographs. He at once selected the pictures of Booth and Herold as being the persons whom he had seen in the boat. Colonel Baker decided that the clue was of the first importance, and, after a hurried conference with Secretary Stanton, he sent a request to General Han-

cock for a detachment of cavalry to guard his men in the pursuit. . . .

Lieutenant Edward P. Doherty of the Sixteenth New York Cavalry, with twenty-five men, Sergeant Boston Corbett second in command, reported to Colonel Baker for duty. He was directed to go with Lieutenant Baker and Conger wherever they might order, and to protect them to the extent of his ability. Without waiting even to secure a sufficient supply of rations, Lieutenant Baker and his men galloped down to the Sixth Street dock, where they were hurried on board the Government tug *John S. Ide*.

It was a little after three o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, April 24th, when the expedition started. Seven hours later the tug reached Belle Plaine landing. At this point there is a sharp bend in the river, and Colonel Baker had advised his men to scour the strip of country stretching between it and the Rappahannock.

Again in their saddles, they struck across the country in the direction of Port Conway, a little town on the Rappahannock about twenty-two miles below Fredericksburg. Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon they drew rein near a planter's house half a mile distant from the town, and ordered dinner for the men and feed for the horses. Baker pushed on ahead to the bank of the Rappahannock. Here, dozing in front of his little cottage in the sunshine, Baker found a fisherman-ferryman whose name was Rollins. He asked him if he had seen a lame man cross the river within the past few days. Yes, he had, and there was another man with him. In fact, Rollins said that he had ferried them across the river.

Instantly Baker drew out his photographs, and Rollins pointed without the least hesitation to the pictures of Booth and Herold.

"There are the men," he said, nodding his head; "there are the men, only this one"—pointing to Booth's picture—"had no mustache."

It was with a thrill of intense satisfaction that Baker heard these words. He was now positive that he, of all the hundreds of detectives and soldiers who were swarming the country, was on the right trail. Rollins's ferryboat was old and shaky, and altho the loading was done with the greatest dispatch, it took three trips to get the detachment across the river. About sundown the actual march for Bowling Green was begun.

As the horses sweltered up the crooked, sandy road from the river, Baker and Conger, who were riding ahead, saw two horsemen standing as motionless as sentinels on the top of the hill, their dark forms silhouetted in black against the sky. They seemed much interested in the movements of the cavalrymen. Baker and Conger at once suspected them of being Booth's friends, who had, in some way, received information of the approach of a searching-party. Baker signaled the horsemen to wait for a parley, but instead of stopping they at once put spurs to their horses and galloped up the road. Conger and Baker gave chase, bent to the necks of their horses and riding at full speed; but just as they were overhauling them, the two horsemen dashed into a blind trail leading from the main road into a dark pine forest. The pursuers drew rein on their winded horses, and, after consultation, decided not to follow, but to reach Bowling Green as promptly as possible.

These men, as they afterward learned, were Bainbridge and Herold; and Booth at that moment was less than half a mile away, lying on the grass in front of the Garrett house. Indeed, he saw his pursuers distinctly as they passed his hiding-place, and commented on their dusty and saddle-worn appearance. But they believed him to be in Bowling Green, fifteen miles away, and so they pushed on, leaving behind them the very man they so much desired to see.

It was near midnight when the party clattered into Bowling Green, and with hardly a spoken command, surrounded the dark, rambling old hotel. Baker stept boldly to the front door, while Conger strode to the rear, from whence came the dismal barking of a dog. Presently a light flickered on the fan-light, and some one opened the door a crack and inquired, in a frightened, feminine voice, what was wanted. Baker thrust his toe inside, flung the door wide open, and was confronted by a woman. At this moment Conger came through from the back way, led by a stammering negro. The woman admitted at once that there was a Confederate cavalryman sleeping in her house, and she promptly pointed out the room. Baker and Conger, candle in hand, at once entered. Captain Jett sat up, staring at them.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"We want you," answered Conger; "you took Booth across the river, and you know where he is."

"You are mistaken in your man," he replied, crawling out of bed.

"You lie," roared Conger, springing forward, his pistol clicking close to Jett's head.

By this time the cavalrymen were crowding into

the room, and Jett saw the candle-light glinting on their brass butons and on their drawn revolvers.

"Upon honor as a gentleman," he said, paling, "I will tell you all I know if you will shield me from complicity in the whole matter."

"Yes, if we get Booth," responded Conger.

"Booth is at the Garrett house, three miles this side of Port Conway," he said; "if you came that way you may have frightened him off, for you must have passed the place."

In less than thirty minutes the pursuing party was doubling back over the road by which it had just come, bearing Jett with it as a prisoner. His bridle-reins were fastened to the men on each side of him, in the fear that he would make a dash to escape and alarm Booth and Herold.

It was a black night, no moon, no stars, and the dust rose in choking clouds. For two days the men had eaten little and slept less, and they were so worn out that they could hardly sit their jaded horses. And yet they plunged and stumbled onward through the darkness, over fifteen miles of meandering country road, reaching Garrett's farm at half-past three o'clock in the morning of April 26th. Like many other Southern places, Garrett's house stood far back from the road, with a bridle-gate at the end of a long lane. So exhausted were the cavalrymen, that some of them dropt down in the sand where their horses stopt and had to be kicked into wakefulness. Rollins and Jett were placed under guard, and Baker and Conger made a dash up the lane, some of the cavalrymen following.

Garrett's house was an old-fashioned Southern

mansion, somewhat dilapidated, with a wide, hospitable piazza reaching its full length in front, and barns and tobacco houses looming big and dark apart. Baker leapt from his horse to the steps, and thundered on the door. A moment later a window close at hand was cautiously raised, and a man thrust his head out. Before he could say a word Baker seized him by the arm.

"Open the door; be quick about it."

The old man tremblingly complied, and Baker slipt inside, closing the door behind him. A candle was quickly lighted, and then Baker demanded of Garrett to reveal the hiding-place of the two men who had been staying in his house.

"They're gone to the woods," he said, paling and beginning to tremble.

Baker thrust his revolver into the old man's face.

"Don't tell me that," he said; "they are here."

Conger now came in with young Garrett.

"Don't injure father," said the young man; "I will tell you all about it. The men did go to the woods last evening when some cavalry went by, but they came back and wanted us to take them over to Louisa Court House. We said we could not leave home before morning, if at all. We were becoming suspicious of them, and father told them they could not stay with us—"

"Where are they now?" interrupted Baker.

"In the barn; my brother locked them in for fear they would steal the horses. He is now keeping watch in the corn-crib."

It was plain that the Garretts did not know the identity of the men who had been imposing on their hospitality. Consequently, Baker asked

no more questions, but taking young Garrett's arm, he made a dash toward the barn. Conger ordered the cavalrymen to follow, and formed them in such positions around the barn that no one could escape. By this time the soldiers had found the boy in the crib, and had brought him up with the key. Baker unlocked the door, and told young Garrett that, inasmuch as the two men were his guests, he must go inside and induce them to come out and surrender. The young man objected most vigorously.

"They are armed to the teeth," he faltered; "and they'll shoot me down."

But he appreciated the fact that he was looking into the black mouth of Baker's revolver, and hastily slid through the doorway. There was a sudden rustling of corn-blades, and the sound of voices in low conversation. All around the barn the soldiers were picketed, wrapt in inky blackness and uttering no sound. In the midst of a little circle of candle-light Baker stood at the doorway with drawn revolver. Conger had gone to the rear of the barn. During the heat and excitement of the chase he had assumed command of the cavalrymen, somewhat to the umbrage of Lieutenant Doherty, who kept himself in the background during the remainder of the night. Further away, around the house, Garrett's family huddled together trembling and frightened.

Suddenly from the barn a clear, high voice rang out, the voice of the tragedian in his last play.

"You have betrayed me, sir; leave this barn or I will shoot you."

Baker now called to the men in the barn, or-

dering them to turn over their arms to young Garrett, and to surrender at once.

"If you don't," threatened Baker, "we shall burn the barn, and have a bonfire and a shooting match."

At that Garrett came running to the door and begged to be let out. He said he would do anything he could, but he didn't want to risk his life in the presence of two such desperate men. Baker therefore opened the door, and Garrett came out with a bound. He turned and pointed to the candle which Baker had been carrying since he left the house.

"Put that out or he will shoot you by its light," he whispered in a frightened voice.

Baker placed the candle on the ground at a little distance from the door so that it would light all the space in front of the barn. Then he called again to Booth to surrender. In a full, clear, ringing voice—a voice that smacked of the stage—Booth replied:

"There is a man here who wishes very much to surrender," and then they heard him say to Herold, "Leave me, will you? Go; I don't want you to stay."

At the door Herold was whimpering: "Let me out; I know nothing of this man in here."

"Bring out your arms and you can come," answered Baker.

Herold denied having any arms, and Booth finally said: "He has no arms; the arms are mine, and I shall keep them."

By this time Herold was praying piteously to be let out. He said he was afraid of being shot, and he begged to be allowed to surrender. Baker

opened the door a little, and told him to put out his hands. The moment they appeared Baker seized them, whipt Herold out of the barn, and turned him over to the soldiers.

"You had better come, too," Baker then said to Booth.

"Tell me who you are and what you want of me. It may be I am taken by my friends.''

"It makes no difference who we are," was the reply. "We know you and we want you. We have fifty well-armed men stationed around this barn. You can not escape, and we do not wish to kill you."

There was a moment's pause, and then Booth said falteringly:

"Captain, this is a hard case, I swear. I am lame. Give me a chance. Draw up your men twenty yards from here, and I will fight your whole command."

"We are not here to fight," said Baker; "we are here to take you."

Booth then asked for time to consider, and Baker told him that he could have two minutes, no more. Presently he said:

"Captain, I believe you to be a brave and honorable man. I have had half a dozen chances tc shoot you. I have a bead drawn on you now—but I do not wish to kill you. Withdraw your men from the door, and I'll go out. Give me this chance for my life. I will not be taken alive."

Even in his deep distress Booth had not forgotten to be theatrical. If he must die he wisht to die at the climax of a highly dramatic situation.

"Your time is up," said Baker firmly; "if you don't come out we shall fire the barn."

"Well, then, my brave boys," came the answer in clear, ringing tones that could be heard by the women who cowered on Garrett's porch, rods away, "you may prepare a stretcher for me." Then, after a slight pause, he added, "One more stain on the glorious old banner."

Conger now came around the corner of the barn and asked Baker if he was ready. Baker nodded, and Conger stepped noiselessly back, drew a handful of corn-blades through a crack in the barn, scratched a match, and in a moment the whole interior of the barn was brilliant with light. Baker opened the door and peered in. Booth had been leaning against the mow, but he now sprang forward, half blinded by the sudden glare of fire, his crutches under his arms, and his carbine leveled in the direction of the flames as if he would shoot the man who had set them going. But he could not see into the darkness outside. He hesitated, then reeled forward again. An old table was near at hand. He caught hold of it as tho to cast it top down on the fire, but he was not quick enough. Dropping one crutch, he hobbled toward the door.

About the middle of the barn he stopt, drew himself up to his full height, and seemed to take in the entire situation. His hat was gone, and his wavy, dark hair was tossed back from his high white forehead; his lips were firmly comprest, and, if he was pale, the ruddy glow of the firelight concealed that fact. In his full, dark eyes there was an expression of mingled hatred, terror, and the defiance of a tiger hunted to his lair. In one hand he held a carbine, in the other a revolver, and his belt contained another revolver and

a bowie-knife. He seemed prepared to fight to the end, no matter what numbers opposed him. By this time the flames in the dry corn-blades had mounted to the rafters of the dingy old building, arching the hunted assassin in a glow of fire more brilliant than the lighting of any theater in which he had ever played. And for once in his life, J. Wilkes Booth was a great actor. He was in the last scene of his last play. The curtain soon would drop.

Suddenly Booth threw aside his remaining crutch, dropt his carbine, raised his revolver, and made a spring for the door. It was his evident intention to shoot down any one who might bar his way, and make a dash for liberty, fighting as he ran.

There came a shock that sounded above the roar of the flames. Booth leapt in the air and pitched forward on his face. Baker was upon him in an instant, grasping both his arms to prevent the use of the revolver. But this precaution was entirely unnecessary. Booth would struggle no more. Another moment and Conger and the soldiers came rushing in. Baker turned the wounded man over and felt for his heart.

"He must have shot himself," said Conger.

"No," replied Baker; "I saw him every moment after the fire was lighted. The man who did do the shooting goes back to Washington in irons for disobedience of orders."

In the excitement that followed the firing of the barn, Sergeant Boston Corbett,[2] an eccentric

[2] "Corbett," says Mr. Baker, "was a most eccentric character, born in London, England, in 1832, and came to this country when he was seven years old. He became a hat

character who had accompanied the cavalry detachment, had stolen up to the side of the barn, placed his revolver to the crack between two boards, and just as Booth was about to spring through the doorway, had fired the fatal shot. He afterward told Lieutenant Baker that he knew Booth's movement meant death either for him (Baker) or for Booth.

Booth's body was caught up and carried out of the barn and laid under an apple-tree not far away. Water was dashed in his face, and Baker tried to make him drink, but he seemed unable to swallow. Presently, however, he opened his eyes and seemed to understand the situation. His lips moved, and Baker bent down to hear what he might say.

"Tell mother—tell mother—" he faltered, and then became unconscious again. The flames of the burning barn now grew so intense that it was

finisher by trade, wandering about the country from city to city and having no permanent home. While in Boston he joined the Methodist Church, and when he was baptized he took the name of Boston, in honor of the city of his conversion. He enlisted in the Twelfth New York State Militia, but was continually in trouble with his superior officers because he persisted in following the dictates of his conscience rather than military orders.

"After Corbett had shot Booth, and just as day was breaking, he was crossing the lawn in front of Garrett's house. Conger hailed him, and demanded the reason why he had fired against orders. Corbett took the position of a soldier, saluted, and pointed heavenward.

" 'God Almighty directed me,' he said.

" 'Well,' was Conger's answer, as he turned away, 'I guess He did, or you couldn't have hit Booth through that crack in the barn."

"Years afterward Corbett became insane, and was confined in a Kansas asylum."

necessary to remove the dying man to the piazza of the house, where he was laid on a mattress provided by Mrs. Garrett. A cloth wet in brandy was applied to his lips, and under its influence he revived a little. Then he opened his eyes and said with deep bitterness:

"Oh, kill me; kill me quick."

"No, Booth," said Baker, "we don't want you to die. You were shot against orders." Then he was unconscious again for several minutes, and they thought he never would speak again. But his breast heaved, and he acted as if he wisht to say something. Baker placed his ear at the dying man's mouth, and Booth faltered:

"Tell mother I died for my country. I did what I thought was best."

With a feeling of pity and tenderness, Baker lifted the limp hand, but it fell back again as if dead at his side. Booth seemed conscious of the movement; he turned his eyes and muttered hopelessly:

"Useless—useless"—and he was dead.

When his collar was removed it was found that the bullet had struck the assassin under the ear, in almost the exact location that his own had struck the President. The great nerve of the spinal column had been severed, resulting in instant paralysis of the entire body below the wound.

About twenty minutes before Booth's death, Conger had started for Washington, taking with him Booth's arms, his diary, and other articles found on his person. While the Garretts were preparing breakfact for the hungry men, Booth's body was wrapt in a saddle blanket and the

blanket stoutly sewed together. The body was then placed in an ancient and decrepit market wagon owned by an old colored man, who had been forced into the service somewhat against his will. Without waiting for breakfact, Baker, accompanied by a corporal, set out over the road for Belle Plaine, the negro driving the old horse as rapidly as he could. . . .

On one of the hardest hills the king-bolt of the rickety old wagon gave out with a snap; the front of the box dropt down, and Booth's body lurched heavily forward. The big letters "U. S." on the blanket were wet with the assassin's blood, which had also trickled down over the axle and dribbled for miles along the road. The negro driver crawled under the wagon to repair the break, and some of the blood fell on his hand. He sprang back, shrieking in terror.

"Oh," he groaned. "It will neber, neber wash off. It am de blood ob a murderer."

So horrified was he that he tried to leave his burden, wagon, horse, and all, and escape through the woods, but Baker forced him to continue on the journey. After thirty miles of heat and dust, up hill and down, they crept over the top of a sandy knoll, and Baker saw the blest blue of the Potomac glimmering through the trees. It was just twilight, and the tinkle of cow-bells came up drowsily from the river-bank. Booth's body, wrapt in blue, was now gray with dust. The body was placed in the boat, and, a few minutes later it was hoisted to the deck of the *John S. Ide*. Baker saw it properly under guard, and then sank in a stupor of sleep on the deck. On reaching Washington the body was removed to the gunboat *Sau-*

gatuck, which lay at anchor in the navy-yard, and there the autopsy and the inquest were held.

Conger had brought the news of the capture to Washington many hours before, and every town in the country was ringing with the tidings. The moment the evidences of Booth's death—the diary, two revolvers, the carbine, the belt, and the compass—were placed in Colonel Baker's hands, he carried them to the office of the Secretary of War.

"I rushed into the room," relates Colonel Baker, "and said, 'We have got Booth.' Secretary Stanton was distinguished during the whole war for his coolness, but I never saw such an exhibition of it in my life as at that time. He put his hands over his eyes and lay for nearly a minute without saying a word. Then he got up, put on his coat, and inquired how the capture had come about." . . .

Late in the afternoon of the second day after Booth's body was brought to Washington (April 28th) Colonel Baker received orders to dispose of the body in the way that seemed best to him, so that Booth's Confederate friends might never get it. Taking Lieutenant Baker with him, he started at once for the navy-yard, stopping on the way at the old penitentiary prison. They reached the ironclad on which Booth's body reposed just as twilight was deepening into night. The body was sewn again in its bloody winding-sheet and lowered into a small rowboat. Hundreds of people stood watching on the shore, knowing that it was Booth's body, and determined to ascertain what was to be done with it. Colonel Baker had brought with him a heavy ball and chain, which he placed in the boat by the side of the body, making no apparent attempt at secrecy. He and Lieutenant

Baker stept into the little craft, and a few strokes of the oars sent it speeding out on the black Potomac in the gathering darkness. It had passed from lip to lip that the body of Booth was to be sunk in the river, and the crowds followed eagerly along the shore until the little rowboat and its occupants disappeared. It was a moonless, starless night, warm with mid-spring In the distance blinked the lights of the city, vieing with the near illumination of the river craft. For nearly two miles the boat drifted silently. Its occupants spoke no word; there was not even the creak of an oar-lock.

At Geeseborough Point the river widens and its shallows grow rank with rushes and marsh weeds. Here the boat was driven toward shore until its speed was quenched in the mud of a little cove. It was the loneliest of lonely spots on the Potomac—the burial ground of worn-out and condemned Government horses and mules—a place dreaded alike by white men and negroes. For a time the two officers listened intently to make sure they were not followed. All was quiet on the Potomac. No sounds reached their ears but the strident croak of bull-frogs and the lapping of the water on the sedgy shore.

Presently the boat was turned and pulled slowly back toward the city. The utmost caution was observed to make no sound. They dreaded even the lisping of the oars and the faint lapping of the water at the gunwales. Suddenly against the sky loomed the huge black hulk of the old penitentiary. A few more strokes and the boat reached the base of the grim, forbidding wall. Silently they crept along until they came to a hole

let into the solid masonry close to the water's edge. An officer who stood just inside of the opening, challenged the party in a low voice, and Colonel Baker answered with the countersign.

They lifted the body from the boat and carried it through the hole in the masonry into a convict's cell. A huge stone slab, worn with the fretting of many a prisoner, had been lifted up, and under it there was a shallow grave, dug only a few hours before. A dim lantern outlined the damp walls of the cell and emphasized the shadows. Just at midnight Booth's body was lowered into the black hole, the stone slab was replaced over the unhonored grave, and the two officers crept back to their boat and returned to Washington.

It was believed that the body had been sunk in the Potomac, and for days the river was dragged by Booth's friends in the hope of finding it. The newspapers gave circumstantial accounts of the watery burial, and *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly* for May 20, 1865, had a full-page illustration showing Colonel Baker and Lieutenant Baker in the act of slipping the body over the edge of the boat into the river. It was entitled "an authentic sketch."

For several years no one but Colonel Baker, Lieutenant Baker, and two or three other officers, knew of the disposition of Booth's body. Indeed, there were rumors, widely credited in certain parts of the country, that Booth never had been captured. Later, however, after the heat and excitement of the time had subsided, permission was given for the removal of the remains to Baltimore, where they now rest.

ROBERT E. LEE'S ATTITUDE AFTER THE WAR

(1865)

GENERAL LEE'S OWN STATEMENT OF IT[1]

I have received your letter of the 23d ult. [August, 1865], and in reply will state the course I have pursued under circumstances similar to your own, and will leave you to judge of its propriety. Like yourself, I have, since the cessation of hostilities, advised all with whom I have conversed on the subject, who come within the terms of the President's proclamations, to take the oath of allegiance, and accept in good faith the amnesty offered.

But I have gone further, and have recommended to those who were excluded from their benefits, to make application under the proviso of the proclamation of the 29th of May, to be embraced in its provisions. Both classes, in order to be restored to their former rights and privileges, were required to perform a certain act, and I do not see that an acknowledgment of fault is exprest in one more than the other. The war being at an end,

[1] From a letter addrest by General Lee to a personal friend in September, 1865. Printed in Rev. J. W. Jones's "Personal Recollections of Lee," published in 1875. This letter has been accepted as an important document pertaining to the attitude of Lee himself assumed after the war, the spirit of which he sought to inculcate in others.

the Southern States have laid down their arms, and the question at issue between them and the Northern States having been decided, I believe it to be the duty of every one to unite in the restoration of the country, and the reestablishment of peace and harmony.

These considerations governed me in the counsels I gave to others, and induced me on the 13th of June to make application to be included in the terms of the amnesty proclamation. I have not received an answer, and can not inform you what has been the decision of the President. But, whatever that may be, I do not see how the course I have recommended and practised can prove detrimental to the former President of the Confederate States.

It appears to me that the allayment of passion, the dissipation of prejudice, and the restoration of reason, will alone enable the people of the country to acquire a true knowledge and form a correct judgment of the events of the past four years. It will, I think, be admitted that Mr. Davis has done nothing more than all the citizens of the Southern States, and should not be held accountable for acts performed by them in the exercise of what had been considered by them unquestionable right. I have too exalted an opinion of the American people to believe that they will consent to injustice; and it is only necessary, in my opinion, that truth should be known, for the rights of every one to be secured. I know of no surer way of eliciting the truth than by burying contention with the war.

THE SOUTH AFTER THE WAR

(1865—1866)

I

GEN. GRANT'S CONCLUSIONS AFTER A TOUR[1]

With your approval, and also that of the honorable Secretary of War, I left Washington City on the 27th of last month (November) for the purpose of making a tour of inspection through some of the Southern States, or States lately in rebellion, and to see what changes were necessary to be made in the disposition of the military forces of the country; how these forces could be reduced and expenses curtailed, etc.; and to learn, as far as possible, the feelings and intentions of the citizens of those States toward the general Government. The following are the conclusions come to by me:

I am satisfied that the mass of thinking men of the South accept the present situation of affairs in good faith. The questions which have heretofore divided the sentiment of the people of the two sections—slavery and State rights, or the right of a State to secede from the Union—they regard as having been settled forever by the high-

[1] From a report made by General Grant to President Andrew Johnson after a tour of the South, undertaken at the President's request.

est tribunal—arms—that man can resort to. I was pleased to learn from the leading men whom I met that they not only accepted the decision arrived at as final, but, now that the smoke of battle has cleared away, and time has been given for reflection, that this decision has been a fortunate one for the whole country, they receiving like benefits from it with those who opposed them in the field and in council.

Four years of war, during which law was executed only at the point of the bayonet throughout the States in rebellion, have left the people possibly in a condition not to yield that ready obedience to civil authority the American people have generally been in the habit of yielding. This would render the presence of small garrisons throughout those States necessary until such time as labor returns to its proper channel, and civil authority is fully established. I did not meet any one, either those holding places under the Government or citizens of the Southern States, who think it practicable to withdraw the military from the South at present. The white and the black mutually require the protection of the general government.

There is such universal acquiescence in the authority of the general government throughout the portions of country visited by me, that the mere presence of a military force, without regard to numbers, is sufficient to maintain order. The good of the country, and economy, require that the force is kept in the interior, where there are many freedmen (elsewhere in the Southern States than at forts upon the sea coast no force is necessary), should all be white troops. The reasons for this

are obvious without mentioning many of them. The presence of black troops, lately slaves, demoralizes labor, both by their advice and by furnishing in their camps a resort for the freedmen for long distances around. White troops generally excite no opposition, and therefore a small number of them can maintain order in a given district. Colored troops must be kept in bodies sufficient to defend themselves. It is not the thinking men who would use violence toward any class of troops sent among them by the general government, but the ignorant in some places might; and the late slave seems to be imbued with the idea that the property of his late master should, by right, belong to him, or, at least, should have no protection from the colored soldier. There is danger of collisions being brought on by such causes.

My observations lead me to the conclusion that the citizens of the Southern States are anxious to return to self-government, within the Union, as soon as possible; that while reconstructing they want and require protection from the government; that they are in earnest in wishing to do what they think is required by the Government, not humiliating to them as citizens, and that if such a course were pointed out they would pursue it in good faith. It is to be regretted that there can not be a greater commingling, at this time, between the citizens of the two sections, and particularly of those intrusted with the law-making power.

II

GEN. CARL SCHURZ'S CONCLUSIONS

There is, at present, no danger of another insurrection against the authority of the United States on a large scale, and the people are willing to reconstruct their State governments, and to send their Senators and Representatives to Congress.

But as to the moral value of these results, we must not indulge in any delusions. There are two principal points to which I beg to call your attention. In the first place, the rapid return to power and influence of so many of those who but recently were engaged in a bitter war against the Union, has had one effect which was certainly not originally contemplated by the Government. Treason does, under existing circumstances, not appear odious in the South. The people are not imprest with any sense of its criminality. And, secondly, there is, as yet, among the Southern people an *utter absence* of national feeling. . . .

The principal cause of that want of national spirit which has existed in the South so long, and at last gave birth to the rebellion, was, that the Southern people cherished, cultivated, idolized their peculiar interests and institutions in preference to those which they had in common with the rest of the American people. Hence the impor-

[1] General Schurz, as well as General Grant, made a tour of the South at the request of President Johnson. In the accompanying passages from his report, will be found the main conclusions at which he arrived.

tance of the negro question as an integral part of the question of union in general, and the question of reconstruction in particular. . . .

Aside from the assumption that the negro will not work without physical compulsion, there appears to be another popular notion prevalent in the South, which stands as no less serious an obstacle in the way of a successful solution of the problem. It is that the negro exists for the special object of raising cotton, rice and sugar for the whites, and that it is illegitimate for him to indulge, like other people, in the pursuit of his own happiness in his own way. Altho it is admited that he has ceased to be the property of a master, it is not admitted that he has a right to become his own master. . . . An ingrained feeling like this is apt to bring forth that sort of class legislation which produces laws to govern one class with no other view than to benefit another. This tendency can be distinctly traced in the various schemes for regulating labor which here and there see the light. . . .

As to what is commonly termed "reconstruction," it is not only the political machinery of the States and their constitutional relations to the general government, but the whole organism of Southern society that must be reconstructed, or rather constructed anew, so as to bring it in harmony with the rest of American society. The difficulties of this task are not to be considered overcome when the people of the South take the oath of allegiance and elect governors and legislatures and members of Congress, and militia captains. . . .

The true nature of the difficulties of the situation is this: The general government of the re-

public has, by proclaiming the emancipation of the slaves, commenced a great social revolution in the South, but has, as yet, not completed it. Only the negative part of it is accomplished. The slaves are emancipated in point of form, but free labor has not yet been put in the place of slavery in point of fact. . . .

The planters, who represented the wealth of the Southern country, are partly laboring under the severest embarrassments, partly reduced to absolute poverty. Many who are stript of all available means, and have nothing but their land, cross their arms in gloomy despondency, incapable of rising to a manly resolution. Others, who still possess means, are at a loss how to use them, as their old way of doing things is, by the abolition of slavery, rendered impracticable, at least where the military arm of the Government has enforced emancipation. Others are still trying to go on in the old way, and that old way is in fact the only one they understand, and in which they have any confidence. Only a minority is trying to adopt the new order of things. A large number of the plantations, probably a considerable majority of the more valuable estates, is under heavy mortgages, and the owners know that, unless they retrieve their fortunes in a comparatively short space of time, their property will pass out of their hands. Almost all are, to some extent, embarrassed. The nervous anxiety which such a state of things produces extends also to those classes of society which, altho not composed of planters, were always in close business connection with the planting interest, and there was hardly a branch of commerce or industry in the South

which was not directly or indirectly so connected. Besides, the Southern soldiers, when returning from the war, did not, like the Northern soldiers, find a prosperous community which merely waited for their arrival to give them remunerative employment. They found, many of them, their homesteads destroyed, their farms devastated, their families in distress; and those that were less unfortunate found, at all events, an impoverished and exhausted community which had but little to offer them. Thus a great many have been thrown upon the world to shift as best they can.

III

E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS ON THE EVILS OF RECONSTRUCTION[1]

The war left the South in indescribable desolation. Great numbers of Confederates came home to find their farms sold for unpaid taxes, perhaps mortgaged to ex-slaves. The best Southern land, after the war, was worth but a trifle of its old value. Their ruin rendered many insane; in multitudes more it broke down all energy. The braver spirits—men to whom till now all toil had been strange—set to work as clerks, depot-masters and agents of various business enterprises. High-born ladies, widowed by Northern bullets, became

[1] From Andrews's "History of the Last Quarter-Century of the United States." By permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyright, 1896.

teachers or governesses. In the comparatively few cases where families retained their estates, their effort to keep up appearances was pathetic. One by one domestics were dismissed; dinner parties grew rare; stately coaches lost their paint and became rickety; carriage and saddle-horses were worn out at the plow and replaced by mules. At last the master learned to open his own gates, the mistress to do her own cooking.

In a majority of the Southern cities owners of real estate found it for years after hostilities closed a source of poverty instead of profit. In the heart of Charleston charred ruins of huge blocks or stately churches long lingered as reminders of the horrid past. Many mansions were vacant, vainly flaunting each its placard "for rent." Most of the smaller towns, like Beaufort, threatened permanent decay, their streets silent and empty save for negro policemen here and there in shiny blue uniforms. The cotton plantations were at first largely abandoned owing to the severe foreign competition in cotton-growing occasioned by the war. It was difficult to get help on the plantation, so immersed in politics and so lazy had the field-hands become.

Causes were at work which soon lessened Sambo's respect for "Old Massa," and "Old Massa's" for Sambo. Republicans from the North flocked to the South, whom the blacks, viewing them as representing the emancipation party, naturally welcomed and followed. These "carpet-baggers," as they were called, were made up, in the main, of military officers still or formerly in service, Freedmen's Bureau agents, old Union soldiers who had bought Southern farms, and people

who had settled at the South for purposes of trade.

There were, no doubt, many perfectly honest carpet-baggers, and the fullest justice should be done to such. They considered themselves as true missionaries *in partibus,* commissioned by the great Republican party to complete the régime of righteousness which the war and the emancipation proclamation had begun. A prominent Democratic politician, describing a reconstruction governor of his State, whom he had done his best to overthrow, said: "I regard him as a thoroughly honest man and opposed to corruption and extravagance in office. I think his desire was to make a good Executive and to administer the affairs of the State in the interest of the people, but the want of sympathy between him and the white people of the State, and his failure to appreciate the relations and prejudices of the two races, made it next to impossible for him to succeed." . . .

The good carpet-baggers and the bad alike somehow exerted an influence which had the effect of morbidly inflaming the negro's sense of independence and of engaging him in politics. His former wrongs were dwelt upon and the ballot held up as a providential means of righting them. The negro was too apt a pupil, not in the higher politics of principle, but in the politics of office and "swag." In 1872 the National Colored Republican Convention adopted a resolution "earnestly praying that the colored Republicans of States where no Federal positions were given to colored men might no longer be ignored, but be stimulated by some recognition of Federal patron-

age." The average negro exprest his views on public affairs by the South Carolina catch: "De bottom rail am on de top, and we's gwineter keep it dar." "The reformers complain of taxes being too high," said Beverly Nash in 1874, after he had become State Senator; "I tell you that they are not high enough. I want them taxed until they put those lands back where they belong, into the hands of those who worked for them. You worked for them; you labored for them and were sold to pay for them, and you ought to have them."

The tendency of such exhortation was most vicious. In their days of serfdom the negroes' besetting sin had been thievery. Now that the opportunities for this were multiplied, the fear of punishment gone, and many a carpet-bagger at hand to encourage it, the prevalence of public and private stealing was not strange. Larceny was nearly universal, burglary painfully common. At night watch had to be kept over property with dogs and guns. It was part, or at least an effect, of the carpet-bag policy to aggravate race jealousies and sectional misunderstandings. The duello, still good form all over the South, induced disregard of law and of human life. . . .

Colored men were quite too unintelligent to make laws or even to elect those who were to do so. At one time dozens of engrossed bills were passed back and forth between the two Houses of the Alabama Legislature that errors in them might be corrected. . . .

The colored legislators of South Carolina furnished the State House with gorgeous clocks at $480 each, mirrors at $750, and chandeliers at $650. Their own apartments were a barbaric display of

gewgaws, carpets and upholstery. The minority of a congressional committee recited that "these ebony statesmen" purchased a lot of imported china cuspidors at $8 apiece, while Senators and Representatives "at the glorious capital of the nation" had to be "content with a plain earthenware article of domestic manufacture." . . .

There were said to be in South Carolina alone, in November, 1874, two hundred negro trial justices who could neither read nor write, also negro school commissioners equally ignorant, receiving a thousand a year each, while negro juries, deciding delicate points of legal evidence, settled questions involving lives and property. Property, which had to bear the burden of taxation, had no voice, for the colored man had no property. Taxes were levied ruinously, and money was appropriated with a lavish hand.

HOW THE ATLANTIC CABLE WAS SUCCESSFULLY LAID

(1866)

BY ITS CHIEF PROMOTER, CYRUS W. FIELD[1]

At first the Atlantic cable project was wholly an American enterprise. It was begun, and for two years and a half was carried on, solely by American capital. Our brethren across the sea did not even know what we were doing away in the forests of Newfoundland. Our little company raised and expended over a million and a quarter of dollars before an Englishman paid a single pound sterling. Our only support outside was in the liberal character and steady friendship of the Government of Newfoundland, for which we were greatly indebted to Mr. E. M. Archibald, then Attorney-General of that colony. In preparing for an ocean cable, the first soundings across the At-

[1] From an account which Mr. Field wrote in 1866. Mr. Field had been the chief promoter of the cable from the beginning. He was born in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, in 1819, and died in New York in 1892. His activity in promoting the cable had begun in 1854, when, after two years of work, he was able to connect Newfoundland with the mainland. Then followed his work in laying a cable across the Atlantic in 1858. Mr. Field was a brother of Stephen J. Field, a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, of David Dudley Field, an eminent lawyer of New York, and of Henry M. Field, the author of many books of travel.

lantic were made by American officers in American ships. Our scientific men—Morse, Henry, Bache, and Maury—had taken great interest in the subject. The United States ship *Dolphin* discovered the telegraphic plateau as early as 1853, and the United States ship *Arctic* sounded across from Newfoundland to Ireland in 1856, a year before Her Majesty's ship *Cyclops,* under command of Captain Dayman, went over the same course. This I state, not to take aught from the just praise of England, but simply to vindicate the truth of history.

It was not till 1856 that the enterprise had any existence in England. In that summer I went to London, and there, with Mr. John W. Brett, Mr. (now Sir) Charles Bright, and Doctor Whitehouse, organized the Atlantic Telegraph Company. Science had begun to contemplate the necessity of such an enterprise; and the great Faraday cheered us with his lofty enthusiasm. Then, for the first time, was enlisted the support of English capitalists; and then the British Government began that generous course which it has continued ever since—offering us ships to complete soundings across the Atlantic and to assist in laying the cable, and an annual subsidy for the transmission of messages. The expedition of 1857 and the two expeditions of 1858 were joint enterprises, in which the *Niagara* and the *Susquehanna* took part with the *Agamemnon,* the *Leopard,* the *Gordon,* and the *Valorous;* and the officers of both navies worked with generous rivalry for the same great object. The capital—except one-quarter which was taken by myself—was subscribed wholly in Great Britain. The directors were almost all

English bankers and merchants, tho among them was one gentleman whom we are proud to call an American—Mr. George Peabody, a name honored in two countries, since he has showered his princely benefactions upon both.

After two unsuccessful attempts, on the third trial we gained a brief success. The cable was laid, and for four weeks it worked—tho never very brilliantly. It spoke, tho only in broken sentences. But while it lasted no less than four hundred messages were sent across the Atlantic. Great was the enthusiasm it excited. It was a new thing under the sun, and for a few weeks the public went wild over it. Of course, when it stopt, the reaction was very great. People grew dumb and suspicious. Some thought it was all a hoax; and many were quite sure that it never had worked at all. That kind of odium we have had to endure for eight years, till now, I trust, we have at last silenced the unbelievers.[2]

After the failure of 1858 came our darkest days. When a thing is dead, it is hard to galvanize it into life. It is more difficult to revive an old enterprise than to start a new one. The freshness and novelty are gone, and the feeling of disappointment discourages further effort.

Other causes delayed a new attempt. The United States had become involved in a tremendous war; and while the nation was struggling for life, it had no time to spend in foreign enterprises. But in England the project was still kept alive. The Atlantic Telegraph Company kept up its or-

[2] A detailed account of the temporary success of the cable in 1858 is given in Volume VII, as taken from Henry M. Field's "History of the Atlantic Telegraph."

ganization. It had a noble body of directors, who had faith in the enterprise and looked beyond its present low estate to ultimate success. Our chairman, the Right Honorable James Stuart Wortley, did not join us in the hour of victory, but in what seemed the hour of despair, after the failure of 1858, and he has been a steady support through all these years.

All this time the science of submarine telegraphy was making progress. The British Government appointed a commission to investigate the whole subject. It was composed of eminent scientific men and practical engineers—Galton, Wheatstone, Fairbairn, Bidder, Varley, and Latimer and Edwin Clark—with the secretary of the company, Mr. Saward—names to be held in honor in connection with this enterprise, along with those of other English engineers, such as Stephenson and Brunel and Whitworth and Penn and Lloyd and Joshua Field, who gave time and thought and labor freely to this enterprise, refusing all compensation. This commission sat for nearly two years, and spent many thousands of pounds in experiments. The result was a clear conviction in every mind that it was possible to lay a telegraph across the Atlantic. Science was also being all the while applied to practise. Submarine cables were laid in different seas—in the Mediterranean, in the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf. The last was laid by my friend Sir Charles Bright.

When the scientific and engineering problems were solved, we took heart again and began to prepare for a fresh attempt. This was in 1863. In the United States—tho the war was still raging—I went from city to city, holding meetings

and trying to raise capital, but with poor success. Men came and listened and said it was all very fine and hoped I would succeed, but did nothing. In one of the cities they gave me a large meeting and passed some beautiful resolutions and appointed a committee of "solid men" to canvass the city, but I did not get a solitary subscriber! In New York city I did better, tho money came by the hardest effort. By personal solicitations, encouraged by good friends, I succeeded in raising three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Since not many had faith, I must present one example to the contrary, tho it was not till a year later. When almost all deemed it a hopeless scheme, one gentleman came to me and purchased stock of the Atlantic Telegraph Company to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars. That was Mr. Loring Andrews. But at the time I speak of, it was plain that our main hope must be in England, and I went to London. There, too, it dragged heavily. There was a profound discouragement. Many had lost before, and were not willing to throw more money into the sea. We needed six hundred thousand pounds, and with our utmost efforts we had raised less than half, and there the enterprise stood in a deadlock. It was plain that we must have help from some new quarter. I looked around to find a man who had broad shoulders and could carry a heavy load, and who would be a giant in the cause.

At this time I was introduced to a gentleman, whom I would hold up to the American public as a specimen of a great-hearted Englishman, Mr. Thomas Brassey. In London he is known as one of the men who have made British enterprise and

British capital felt in all parts of the earth. I went to see him, tho with fear and trembling. He received me kindly, but put me through such an examination as I never had before. I thought I was in the witness-box. He asked me every possible question, but my answers satisfied him, and he ended by saying it was an enterprise that should be carried out, and that he would be one of ten men to furnish the money to do it. This was a pledge of sixty thousand pounds sterling! Encouraged by this noble offer, I looked around to find another such man, tho it was almost like trying to find two Wellingtons. But he *was* found in Mr. John Pender, of Manchester. I went to his office in London one day, and we walked together to the House of Commons, and before we got there he said he would take an equal share with Mr. Brassey.

The action of these two gentlemen was a turning-point in the history of our enterprise; for it led shortly after to a union of the well-known firm of Glass, Eliott & Company, with the Guttapercha Company, making of the two one concern known as the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, which included not only Mr. Brassey and Mr. Pender, but other men of great wealth, such as Mr. George Elliott, and Mr. Barclay of London, and Mr. Henry Bewley of Dublin, and which, thus reenforced with immense capital, took up the whole enterprise in its strong arms. We needed, I have said, six hundred thousand pounds, and with all our efforts in England and America we raised only two hundred eighty-five thousand pounds. This new company now came forward, and offered to take the whole re-

maining three hundred fifteen thousand pounds, besides one hundred thousand pounds of the bonds, and to make its own profits contingent on success. Mr. Richard A. Glass was made managing director and gave energy and vigor to all its departments, being admirably seconded by the secretary, Mr. Shuter.

A few days after, half a dozen gentlemen joined together and bought the *Great Eastern* to lay the cable; and at the head of this company was placed Mr. Daniel Gooch, a member of Parliament, and chairman of the Great Western Railway, who was with us in both the expeditions which followed. His son, Mr. Charles Gooch, a volunteer in the service, worked faithfully on board the *Great Eastern.*

The good-fortune which favored us in our ship favored us also in our commander, Captain Anderson, who was for years in the Cunard Line. How well he did his part in two expeditions the result has proved, and it was just that a mark of royal favor should fall on that manly head. Thus organized, the work of making a new Atlantic cable was begun. The core was prepared with infinite care, under the able superintendence of Mr. Chatterton and Mr. Willoughby Smith, and the whole was completed in about eight months. As fast as ready, it was taken on board the *Great Eastern* and coiled in three enormous tanks, and on July 15, 1865, the ship sailed.

I will not stop to tell the story of that expedition. For a week all went well; we had paid out one thousand two hundred miles of cable, and had only six hundred miles farther to go, when, hauling in the cable to remedy a fault, it parted and

went to the bottom. That day I never can forget —how men paced the deck in despair, looking out on the broad sea that had swallowed up their hopes; and then how the brave Canning for nine days and nights dragged the bottom of the ocean for our lost treasure, and, tho he grappled it three times, failed to bring it to the surface. The story of that expedition, as written by Dr. Russell, who was on board the *Great Eastern*, is one of the most marvelous chapters in the whole history of modern enterprise. We returned to England defeated, yet full of resolution to begin the battle anew. Measures were at once taken to make a second cable and fit out a new expedition; and with that assurance I came home to New York in the autumn.

In December I went back again, when lo! all our hopes had sunk to nothing. The Attorney-General of England had given his written opinion that we had no legal right, without a special act of Parliament (which could not be obtained under a year), to issue the new 12 per cent. shares, on which we relied to raise our capital. This was a terrible blow. The works were at once stopt, and the money which had been paid in returned to the subscribers. Such was the state of things when I reached London on December 24, 1865, and the next day was not a "merry" Christmas to me. But it was an inexpressible comfort to have the counsel of such men as Sir Daniel Gooch and Sir Richard A. Glass, and to hear stout-hearted Mr. Brassey tell us to go ahead, and, if need were, he would put down sixty thousand pounds more. It was finally concluded that the best course was to organize a new company, which should assume the

work; and so originated the Anglo-American Telegraph Company. It was formed by ten gentlemen who met around a table in London and put down ten thousand pounds apiece. The great Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, undaunted by the failure of last year, answered us with a subscription of one hundred thousand pounds. Soon after the books were opened to the public, through the eminent banking-house of J. S. Morgan and Company, and in fourteen days we had raised the six hundred thousand pounds. Then the work began again, and went on with speed. Never was greater energy infused into any enterprise. It was only the last day of March that the new company was formed, and it was registered as a company the next day; and yet such was the vigor and dispatch that in five months from that day the cable had been manufactured, shipt on the *Great Eastern,* stretched across the Atlantic, and was sending messages, literally swift as lightning, from continent to continent.

Yet this was not "a lucky hit"—a fine run across the ocean in calm weather. It was the worst weather I ever knew at that season of the year. The dispatch that appeared in the New York papers read, "The weather has been most pleasant." I wrote it "unpleasant." We had fogs and storms almost the whole way. Our success was the result of the highest science combined with practical experience. Everything was perfectly organized to the minutest detail.

But our work was not over. After landing the cable safely at Newfoundland, we had another task—to return to mid-ocean and recover that lost

in the expedition of last year. This achievement has perhaps excited more surprize than the other. Many even now "don't understand it," and every day I am asked "How it was done?" Well, it does seem rather difficult to fish for a jewel at the bottom of the ocean two and a half miles deep. But it is not so very difficult when you know how. You may be sure we did not go fishing at random, nor was our success mere "luck." It was the triumph of the highest nautical and engineering skill. We had four ships, and on board of them some of the best seamen in England—men who knew the ocean as a hunter knows every trail in the forest. There was Captain Moriarty, who was in the *Agamemnon* in 1857-1858. He was in the *Great Eastern* in 1865, and saw the cable when it broke; and he and Captain Anderson at once took observations so exact that they could go right to the spot. After finding it, they marked the line of the cable by buoys; for fogs would come, and shut out sun and stars, so that no man could take an observation.

These buoys were anchored a few miles apart, they were numbered, and each had a flagstaff on it so that it could be seen by day, and a lantern by night. Having thus taken our bearings, we stood off three or four miles, so as to come broadside on, and then, casting over the grapnel, drifted slowly down upon it, dragging the bottom of the ocean as we went. At first it was a little awkward to fish in such deep water, but our men got used to it, and soon could cast a grapnel almost as straight as an old whaler throws a harpoon. Our fishing line was of formidable size. It was made of rope, twisted with wires of steel, so as to bear a strain

of thirty tons. It took about two hours for the grapnel to reach bottom, but we could tell when it struck. I often went to the bow, and sat on the rope, and could feel by the quiver that the grapnel was dragging on the bottom two miles under us. But it was a very slow business. We had storms and calms and fogs and squalls.

Still we worked on day after day. Once, on August 17th, we got the cable up, and had it in full sight for five minutes, a long, slimy monster, fresh from the ooze of the ocean's bed, but our men began to cheer so wildly that it seemed to be frightened and suddenly broke away and went down into the sea. This accident kept us at work two weeks longer, but, finally, on the last night of August we caught it. We had cast the grapnel thirty times. It was a little before midnight on Friday night that we hooked the cable, and it was a little after midnight Sunday morning when we got it on board. What was the anxiety of those twenty-six hours! The strain on every man was like the strain on the cable itself. When finally it appeared, it was midnight; the lights of the ship, and those in the boats around our bows, as they flashed in the faces of the men, showed them eagerly watching for the cable to appear on the water.

At length it was brought to the surface. All who were allowed to approach crowded forward to see it. Yet not a word was spoken save by the officers in command who were heard giving orders. All felt as if life and death hung on the issue. It was only when the cable was brought over the bow and on to the deck that men dared to breathe. Even then they hardly believed their eyes. Some

crept toward it to feel of it, to be sure it was there. Then we carried it along to the electricians' room, to see if our long-sought-for treasure was alive or dead. A few minutes of suspense, and a flash told of the lightning current again set free. Then did the feeling long pent up burst forth. Some turned away their heads and wept. Others broke into cheers, and the cry ran from man to man, and was heard down in the engine-rooms, deck below deck, and from the boats on the water, and the other ships, while rockets lighted the darkness of the sea. Then with thankful hearts we turned our faces again to the west.

But soon the wind rose, and for thirty-six hours we were exposed to all the dangers of a storm on the Atlantic. Yet in the very height and fury of the gale, as I sat in the electricians' room, a flash of light came up from the deep, which having crossed to Ireland, came back to me in mid-ocean, telling that those so dear to me, whom I had left on the banks of the Hudson, were well and following us with their wishes and their prayers. This was like a whisper of God from the sea, bidding me keep heart and hope. The *Great Eastern* bore herself proudly through the storm, as if she knew that the vital cord, which was to join two hemispheres, hung at her stern; and so, on Saturday, September 7th, we brought our second cable safely to the shore.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF ANDREW JOHNSON

(1868)

SENATOR CULLOM'S PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS[1]

As I look back now over the vista of the years that have come and gone, it seems to me that I entered the Lower House of Congress just at the beginning of the most important period in all our history. The great President had been assassinated; the war was over; Andrew Johnson, a Union Democrat, was President of the United States. Reconstruction was the problem which confronted us, how to heal up the nation's wounds and remake a Union which would endure for all time to come. These were the difficult conditions that had to be dealt with by the Thirty-ninth Congress.

Andrew Johnson was the queerest character that ever occupied the White House, and, with the exception of Lincoln only, he entered it under the most trying and difficult circumstances in all our history; but Lincoln had, what Johnson lacked, the support and confidence of the great

[1] From Senator Cullom's "Fifty Years of Public Service." By permission of the publishers, A. C. McClurg & Co. Copyright, 1910.

Republican party. Johnson was never a Republican, and never pretended to be one. He was a lifelong Democrat, and a slaveholder as well; but he was loyal to the Union, no man living more so. As a Senator from Tennessee, alone of all the Southern Senators he faced his colleagues from the South in denouncing secession as treason. His subsequent phenomenal course in armed opposition to the Rebellion brought about his nomination for the Vice-Presidency as a shrewd stroke to secure the support of the War Democrats of the North and the Union men of his State and section. . . .

The scene which took place in the Senate chamber when Johnson was inducted into office as Vice-President; the exhibition he made of himself at the time of taking the oath of office, in the presence of the President of the United States, and the representatives of the governments of the world[2]—all this, advertised at the time in the opposition press, added to the prejudice against Johnson in the North and made his position more trying and difficult.

There were two striking points in Johnson's character, and I knew him well: first, his loyalty to the Union; and, second, his utter fearlessness of character. He could not be cowed; old Ben Wade, Sumner, Stevens, all the great leaders of that day could not, through fear, influence him one particle.

In 1861, when he was being made the target of

[2] Senator Cullom says he has a "particularly vivid recollection of the scene"; that it was plain to every one that Johnson was intoxicated; that he delivered "a rambling, senseless speech," and had to be interrupted with a request to take his oath of office, and that thus the painful scene was terminated.

all sorts of threats on account of his solitary stand against secession in the Senate, he let fall this characteristic utterance: "I want to say, not boastingly, with no anger in my bosom, that these two eyes of mine have never looked upon anything in the shape of mortal man that this heart has feared." This utterance probably illustrates Johnson's character more clearly than anything that I could say. He sought rather than avoided a fight. Headstrong, domineering, having fought his way in a State filled with aristocratic Southerners, from the class of so-called "low whites" to the highest position in the United States, he did not readily yield to the dictates of the dominating forces in Congress.

Lincoln had a well-defined policy of reconstruction. Indeed, so liberal was he disposed to be in his treatment of the Southern States, that immediately after the surrender of Richmond he would have recognized the old State Government of Virginia had it not been for the peremptory veto of Stanton. Congress was not in session when Johnson came to the Presidency in April, 1865. To do him no more than simple justice, I firmly believe that he wanted to follow out, in reconstruction, what he thought was the policy of Mr. Lincoln, and in this he was guided largely by the advice of Mr. Seward.

But there was this difference. Johnson was, probably in good faith, pursuing the Lincoln policy of reconstruction; but when the legislatures and executives of the Southern States began openly passing laws and executing them so that the negro was substantially placed back into slavery, practically nullifying the results of the awful strug-

gle, the untold loss of life and treasure, Mr. Lincoln certainly would have receded and would have dealt with the South with an iron hand, as Congress had determined to do, and as General Grant was compelled to do when he assumed the Presidency.

From April to the reassembling of Congress in December, Johnson had a free hand in dealing with the seceding States, and he was not slow to take advantage of it. He seemed disposed to recognize the old State governments; to restrict the suffrage to the whites; to exercise freely the pardoning power in the way of extending executive clemency not only to almost all classes, but to every individual who would apply for it. The result was, it seemed to be certain that if the Johnson policy were carried out to the fullest extent, the supremacy of the Republican party in the councils of the nation would be at stake.

To express it in a word, the motive of the opposition to the Johnson plan of reconstruction was the firm conviction that its success would wreck the Republican party, and by restoring the Democrats to power bring back Southern supremacy and Northern vassalage. The impeachment, in a word, was a culmination of the struggle between the legislative and the executive departments of the Government over the problem of reconstruction. The legislative department claimed exclusive jurisdiction over reconstruction; the executive claimed that it alone was competent to deal with the subject.

This is a very brief summary of the conditions which confronted us when I entered the Thirty-ninth Congress. Representatives of the eleven se-

ceding States were there to claim their seats in Congress. The Republican members met in caucus the Saturday evening preceding the meeting of Congress on Monday. I, as a member-elect, was present, and I remember how old Thaddeus Stevens at once assumed the dominating control in opposition to the President's plan. Stevens was a most remarkable character—one of the most remarkable in the legislative history of the United States. He believed firmly in negro equality and negro suffrage. As one writer eloquently expresses it:

"According to his creed, the insurgent States were conquered provinces to be shaped into a paradise for the freedman and a hell for the rebel. His eye shot over the blackened southern land; he saw the carnage, the desolation, the starvation, and the shame; and like a battered old warhorse, he flung up his frontlet, sniffed the tainted breeze, and snorted 'Ha, Ha!'"

It was at once determined by the Republican majority in Congress that the representatives of the eleven seceding States should not be admitted. The Constitution expressly gives to the House and Senate the exclusive power to judge of the admission and qualification of its own members.

We were surprized at the moderation of the President's message, which came in on Tuesday after Congress assembled. In tone and general character the message was wholly unlike Johnson. It was an admirable state document, one of the finest from a literary and probably from every other standpoint that ever came from an executive to Congress. It was thought at the time that Mr. Seward wrote it, but it has since been asserted that it was the product of that foremost of Amer-

ican historians, J. C. Bancroft,[3] one of Mr. Johnson's close personal friends.

There existed three theories of dealing with the Southern States; one was the President's theory of recognizing the State governments, allowing the States to deal with the suffrage question as they might see fit; the Stevens policy of wiping out all State lines and dealing with the regions as conquered military provinces; and the Sumner theory of treating them as organized territories, recognizing the State lines. . . .

Aside from the worst radicals, the message pleased every one, the country at large and the majority in Congress; and there was a general disposition to give the President a reasonably free hand in working out his plan of reconstruction. But as I stated, the legislatures of the Southern States and their executives assumed so domineering an attitude, practically wiping out the results of the war, that the Republican majority in Congress assumed it to be its duty to take control from the Executive.

What determined Johnson in his course, I do not know. It was thought that he would be a radical of radicals. Being of the "poor white" class, he may have been flattered by the attentions showered on him by the old Southern aristocrats. Writers of this period have frequently given that as a reason. My own belief has been that he was far too strong a man to be governed in so vital a matter by so trivial a cause. My conviction is

[3] Senator Cullom refers here to George Bancroft. His error as to the initials seems to have risen from a confusion of George Bancroft with the eminent American diplomat of the same and later period—J. C. Bancroft Davis.

that the radical Republican leaders in the House were right; that he believed in the old Democratic party, aside from his loyalty to the Union; and was a Democrat determined to turn the Government over to the Democratic party, reconstructed on a Union basis.

I can not undertake to go into all the long details of that memorable struggle. As I look back over the history of it now, it seems to me to bear a close resemblance to the beginning of the French Revolution, to the struggle between the States General of France and Louis XVI. Might we not, if things had turned differently, drifted into chaos and revolution? If Johnson had been impeached and refused to submit, adopting the same tactics as did Stanton in retaining the War Department; had Ben Wade taken the oath of office and demanded possession, Heaven only knows what might have been the result.

But reminiscing in this way, as I can not avoid doing when I think back over those terrible times, I lose the continuity of my subject. An extension to the Freedman's Bureau bill was passed, was promptly vetoed by the executive, the veto was as promptly overruled by the House, where there was no substantial opposition, but the Senate failed to pass the bill, the veto of the President to the contrary notwithstanding.

I had not the remotest idea that Johnson would dare to veto the Freedman's Bureau bill,[4] and I

[4] The Freedman's Bureau, established in 1865, was a bureau of the War Department having supervision of lands that had been abandoned during the war, and of refugee freedmen, etc. Within its operations came the affairs of some 2,500,000 persons who had been driven from their homes during the war.

made a speech on the subject, declaring a firm conviction to that effect. A veto at that time was almost unheard of. Except during the administration of Tyler, no important bill had ever been vetoed by an executive. It came as a shock to Congress and the country. Excitement reigned supreme. The question was: "Should the bill pass the veto of the President regardless thereof?"

Not the slightest difficulty existed in the House; Thaddeus Stevens had too complete control of that body to allow any question concerning it there. The bill, therefore, was promptly passed over the veto of the President. But the situation in the Senate was different. At that time the Sumner-Wade radical element did not have the necessary two-thirds majority, and the bill failed to pass over the veto of the President. The war between the executive and legislative departments of the Government had fairly commenced, and the first victory had been won by the President.

The Civil Rights bill, drawn and introduced by Judge Trumbull, than whom there was no greater lawyer in the United States Senate, in January, 1866, on the reassembling of Congress, was passed. Then began the real struggle on the part of the radicals in the Senate, headed by Sumner and Wade, to muster the necessary two-thirds majority to pass a bill over the veto of the President.

Let me digress here to say a word in reference to Charles Sumner. For ten years he was chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate, and no man, by education, experience, knowledge of world politics, and travel, was ever more fitted to occupy that high position. He was one of the most cultivated men of his day,

a radical, and filled one of the most important places in the history of his time. When he entered the Senate, the South dominated this Government; the great triumvirate, Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, had just passed. The day he entered, Clay for the last time, feeble, emaciated, appeared on the Senate floor. Compromise was the word, and the Southerners so dominated that it was considered treason to mention the slavery question. Charles Sumner was an Abolitionist; he was not afraid, and at the very first oportunity he took the floor and denounced the institution in no unmeasured terms. Chase and Seward were present that day, and quickly followed Sumner's lead. Seward, however, was far more conservative than either Sumner or Chase.

It was the mission of Charles Sumner to awake the public conscience to the horrors of slavery. He performed his duty unfalteringly, and it almost cost him his life. Mr. Lincoln was the only man living who ever managed Charles Sumner, or could use him for his purpose. Sumner's end has always seemed to me most pitiful. Removed from his high position as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, followed relentlessly by the enmity of President Grant, then at the very acme of his fame; drifting from the Republican party, his own State repudiating him, Charles Sumner died of a broken heart.

But to return to the struggle between the President and Congress. Trumbull, Sumner, Wade, and the leaders were bound in one way or another to get the necessary two-thirds. The vote was taken in the Senate: "Shall the Civil Rights bill pass the veto of the President to the contrary

notwithstanding?'' It was understood the vote would be very close, and the result uncertain.

The excitement was intense. The galleries were crowded; members of the House were on the Senate floor. The result seemed to depend entirely on the vote of Senator Morgan, of New York, and he seemed to be irresolute, uncertain in his own mind which way he would vote. The call of the roll proceeded. When his name was reached there was profound silence. He first voted nay, and then immediately changed to yea. A wonderful demonstration burst forth, as it was then known that the bill would pass over the veto of the President, and that the Republican party in Congress at last had complete control. Senator Trumbull made a remarkable speech on that occasion, and I was never prouder of any living man.

So the struggle went on from day to day and year to year, growing all the time more intense. I have always been disposed to be conservative; I was then; and it was with profound regret that I saw the feeling between the President and Congress becoming more and more strained.

I disliked to follow the extreme radical element, and when the row was at its height, Judge Orth, a colleague in the House from Indiana, and I concluded to go and see the President and advise with him, in an attempt to smooth over the differences. I will never forget that interview. It was at night. He recived us politely enough, and without mincing any words he gave us to understand that we were on a fool's errand and that he would not yield. We went away, and naturally joined the extreme radicals in the House, always voting with them afterward.

The row continued in the Fortieth Congress. Bills were passed, promptly vetoed, and the bills immediately passed over the President's veto. Many of the bills were not only unwise legislation, but were unconstitutional as well. We passed the Tenure of Office bill; we attempted to restrict the President's pardoning power; and as I look back over the history of the period, it seems to me that we did not have the slightest regard for the Constitution. Some of President Johnson's veto messages were admirable. He had the advice and assistance of one of the ablest lawyers of his day, Jeremiah Black.[5]

To make the feeling more intense, just about this time Johnson made his famous "swing around the circle," as it was termed. His speeches published in the opposition press were intemperate and extreme. He denounced Congress. He threatened to "kick people out of office," in violation of the Tenure of Office act. He was undignified in his actions and language, and many people thought he was intoxicated most of the time, altho I do not believe this.

The radicals in both the House and Senate determined that he should be impeached and removed from office. They had the votes in the House easily, and they thought they could muster the necessary number in the Senate, as we had been passing all sorts of legislation over the President's veto. When the subject was up, I was doubtful, and I really believe, strong Republican that I was, that had it not been for Judge Trum-

[5] Jeremiah S. Black had been Attorney-General of the United States from 1857 to 1860, and Secretary of State from 1860 to 1861.

bull I would have voted against the impeachment articles. I advised with the judge, for whom I had profound respect. I visited him at his house. I explained to him my doubts, and I recall very clearly the expression he used in reply. He said: "Johnson is an obstruction to the Government, and should be removed." Judge Trumbull himself changed afterward much to the astonishment of every one, and denounced the impeachment proceding as unworthy of a justice of the peace court.

It seems to me difficult to realize that it was as far back as March 2, 1868, that I address the House in favor of the impeachment articles. I think I made a pretty good speech on that occasion and supported my position very well. I took rather an extreme view in favor of the predominance of the legislative department of the Government, contending that the executive and judiciary departments of the Government, while they are finally responsible to the people, are directly accountable to the legislative department.

The first and principal article in the impeachment proposed by the House was the President's issuance of an order removing Edwin M. Stanton as Secretary of War, he having been duly appointed and commissioned by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and the Senate having been in session at the time of his removal. I contended then, on the floor of the House, that such a removal was a violation of the Constitution, and could not be excused on any pretext whatever, in addition to being a direct violation of the Tenure of Office act.

I do not intend to go into the details of the

various articles proposed by the House; suffice it to say that they were mainly based on the attempted removal of Mr. Stanton, and the appointment of Mr. Thomas[6] as Secretary of War. . . .

Needless for me to say, that as the subject continued feeling remained at a high pitch in the House. It was debated from day to day. Stevens was urging the impeachment with all the force at his command; some were doubtful and holding back, as I was; some changed—for instance, James G. Blaine, who was taunted by Stevens and sneered at for his change of front.

Under the law then existing the President of the Senate succeeded a Vice-President who became, by the death or removal of the President, President of the United States. The radicals in complete control—and I have no doubt that Stevens had a hand in it—elected the most radical of their number as President of the Senate—Ben Wade, of Ohio. Johnson removed, Wade would have been President, and the extreme radicals would have been in supreme control of the legislative and executive departments of the Government.

This condition is what made Mr. Blaine hesitate. He told me on one occasion: "Johnson in the White House is bad enough, but we know what we have; Lord knows what we would get with old Ben Wade there. I do not know but I would rather trust Johnson than Wade." But in the end Blaine supported the impeachment articles, just as I did, and as Senator Allison and other somewhat con-

[6] General Lorenzo Thomas is here referred to. He had been Scott's chief of staff in the Mexican War, and Adjutant-General in the Civil War.

servative members did, all feeling at the same time not a little doubtful of our course.

Stevens, Logan, Boutwell, Williams, and Wilson were appointed managers on the part of the House, and solemnly and officially notified the Senate of the action of the House in impeaching the President of the United States. The Senate proceeded without long delay to resolve itself as a High Court of Impeachment, for the purpose of trying the President of the United States for high crimes and misdemeanors. The most eminent counsel of the nation were engaged. Mr. Evarts was President Johnson's principal counsel. He was ably assisted by lawyers of scarcely less renown.

The trial dragged along from day to day. Part of the time the Senate considered the matter in executive session. The corridors were crowded; and I remember with what astonishment we heard that Judge Trumbull had taken the floor denouncing the proceding as unworthy of a justice of the peace court. The Illinois delegation held a meeting, and Logan, Farnsworth, and Washburne urged that we unite in a letter to Judge Trumbull, with a view to influencing his vote for conviction, or of inducing him to withhold his vote if he could not vote for conviction. A number of our delegation opposed it, and the letter was not sent.

I do not think that it would have made the slightest effect on Judge Trumbull had we sent it. All sorts of coercing methods were used to influence wavering Senators. Old Bob Schenck[7] was

[7] General Robert C. Schenck, who had served in the war, becoming a Major-General, and was Minister to Great Britain from 1871 to 1876.

the chairman of this movement, and he sent telegrams broadcast all over the United States to the effect that there was great danger to the peace of the country and the Republican cause if impeachment failed, and asking the recipients to send to their Senators public opinion by resolutions and delegations. And responses came from all over the North, urging and demanding the impeachment of the President.

It is difficult now to realize the intense excitement of that period. General Grant was there, tacitly acknowledged as the next nominee of the Republican party for the Presidency. He took no active part, but it was pretty well understood, from the position of his friends such as Logan and Washburne, that the impeachment had his sympathy; and in the Senate Conkling was especially vindictive. Grimes, Fessenden, and Trumbull led the fight for acquittal. Many were non-committal; but in the end the struggle turned on the one doubtful Senator, Edmund G. Ross of Kansas.

It was determined to vote on the tenth article first, as that article was the strongest one and more votes could be mustered for it than any other. It was well understood that the vote on that article would settle the matter.

More than forty-three years have passed into history since that memorable day when the Senate of the United States was sitting as a Court of Impeachment for the purpose of trying the President of the United States for high crimes and misdemeanors. The occasion is unforgettable. As I look back now, I see arising before me the forms and features of the great men who were sitting in that high court: I see presiding Chief Justice

Chase; I see Sumner, cold and dignified; Wade, Trumbull, Hendricks, Conkling, Yates; I see Logan as one of the managers on the part of the House; I see old Thad Stevens, weak and wasted from illness, being carried in—all long since have passed to the beyond, the accused President, the members of the high court, the counsel. Of all the eminent men who were present on that day, aside from the Hon. J. B. Henderson, I do not know of a single one now living.

As the roll was called, there was such a solemn hush as only comes when man stands in the presence of Deity. Finally, when the name of Ross was reached and he voted "No"; when it was understood that his vote meant acquittal, the friends of the President in the galleries thundered forth in applause. And thus ended for the first, and I hope the last, time the trial of a President of the United States before the Senate, sitting as a Court of Impeachment for high crimes and misdemeanors.

THE PURCHASE OF ALASKA

(1868)

I

HOW IT WAS EFFECTED BY SEWARD

BY JAMES G. BLAINE[1]

The purchase of Alaska was completed by the Act of July 27, 1868, which appropriated the amount agreed upon in the treaty of March 30, 1867—negotiated by Mr. Seward on behalf of the United States, and by Baron Stoeckl representing the Emperor of all the Russias. The Russian Government had initiated the matter, and desired to sell much more earnestly than the United States desired to buy. There is little doubt that a like offer from any other European government would have been rejected. The pressure of our financial troubles, the fact that gold was still at a high premium, suggested the absolute necessity of economy in every form in which it could be exercised; and in the general judgment of the people the last thing we needed was additional territory. There was, however, a feeling of marked kindliness toward Russia; and this, no doubt, had great weight with Mr. Seward when he assented to the obvious wishes of that Government.

But while there was no special difficulty in

[1] From Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress." By permission of Mrs. Walter Damrosch and James G. Blaine, Jr., owners of the copyright. Copyright, 1884.

securing the ratification of the treaty by the Senate, a more serious question arose when the House was asked to appropriate the necessary amount to fulfil the obligation. Seven million two hundred thousand dollars in gold represented at that time more than ten million dollars in the currency of the Government; and many Republicans felt, on the eve, or rather in the midst, of a Presidential canvass, that it was a hazardous political step (deeply in debt as the Government was, and with its paper still at heavy discount) to embark in the speculation of acquiring a vast area of "rocks and ice," as Alaska was termed in the popular and derisive description of Mr. Seward's purchase.

When the bill came before the House, General Banks, as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, urged the appropriation with great earnestness, not merely because of the obligation imposed upon the Government by the treaty, which he ably presented; not merely by reason of the intrinsic value of the teritory, which he abundantly demonstrated; but especialy on account of the fact that Russia was the other party to the treaty, and had for nearly a century shown a most cordial disposition toward the United States. General Banks maintained that at every step of our history, from 1780 to the moment when he was speaking, Russia had been our friend. "In the darkest hour of our peril," said he, "during the Rebellion, when we were enacting a history which no man yet thoroughly comprehends, when France and England were contemplating the recognition of the Confederacy, the whole world was thrilled by the appearance in San Francisco of a fleet of Russian war-vessels, and nearly at the same time, whether

by accident or design, a second Russian fleet appeared in the harbor of New York. Who knew how many more there were on their voyage here? From that hour France, on the one hand, and England on the other, receded, and the American Government regained its position and its power.

Mr. Cadwalader C. Washburn answered the speech of General Banks on the succeeding day (July 1, 1868). He assumed the leadership of the opposition to the treaty. He proposed to demonstrate to the satisfaction of the House five distinct propositions: "First, that at the time the treaty for Alaska was negotiated, not a soul in the whole United States asked for it; second, that it was secretly negotiated, and in a manner to prevent the representatives of the people from being heard; third, that by existing treaties we possess every right that is of any value to us, without the responsibility and never-ending expense of governing a nation of savages; fourth, that the country ceded is absolutely without value; fifth, that it is the right and duty of the House to inquire into the treaty, and to vote or not vote the money, according to its best judgment." Mr. Washburn made an able speech in support of his radical propositions.

General Butler sustained Mr. Washburn's position in a characteristic speech, especially answering General Banks's argument that we should pay this amount from a spirit of friendship for Russia. "If," said General Butler, "we are to pay this price as usury on the friendship of Russia, we are paying for it very dear indeed. If we are to pay for her friendship, I desire to give her the seven million two hundred thousand dollars in cash, and

let her keep Alaska, because I think it may be a small sum to give for the friendship if we could only get rid of the land, or rather the ice, which we are to get by paying for it." He maintained that it was in evidence before the House officially, "that for ten years the entire product of the whole country of Alaska did not exceed three million dollars."

Mr. Peters, of Maine, pronounced the territory "intrinsically valueless; the conclusive proof of which is found in the fact that Russia is willing to sell it." He criticized the action of the Senate in negotiating the treaty. "If the treaty-making power can buy, they can sell. If they can buy land with money, they can buy money with land. If they can buy a part of a country, they can buy the whole of a country. If they can sell a part of our country, they can sell the whole of it!"

Mr. Spalding, of Ohio, on the other hand, maintained that "notwithstanding all the sneers that have been cast on Alaska, if it could be sold again, individuals would take it off our hands and pay us two or three millions for the bargain."

General Schenck thought the purchase in itself highly objectionable, but was "willing to vote the money because the treaty has been made with a friendly power; one of those that stood by us—almost the only one that stood by us when all the rest of the powers of the world seemed to be turning away from us in our recent troubles."

Mr. Stevens supported the measure on the ground that it was a valuable acquisition to the wealth and power of the country. He argued also in favor of the right of the Senate to make the treaty.

Mr. Leonard Myers was sure that if we did not acquire Alaska it would be transferred to Great Britain. "The nation," said he, "which struggled so hard for Vancouver and her present Pacific boundary, and which still insists on having the little island of San Juan, will never let such an opportunity slip. Canada, as matters now stand, would become ours some day could her people learn to be Americans; but never, if England secures Alaska."

Mr. Higby, of California, answered the objections relating to climate. "I do not know," said he, "whether the people of the East yet believe what has been so often declared, that our winters on the Pacific are nearly as mild as our summers, and yet such is the fact. In my own little village, situated over fourteen hundred feet above the level of the ocean, I have seen a plant growing in the earth green through all the months from October to April."

Mr. Shellabarger opposed the purchase. He said those nations which had been compact and solid had been the most enduring, while those which had the most extended territory lasted the least space of time. . . .

General Butler moved a proviso, that "the payment of $500,000 of said appropriation be withheld until the Imperial Government of Russia shall signify its willingness to refer to an impartial tribunal all such claims by American citizens against the Imperial Government as have been investigated by the State Department of the United States and declared to be just, and the amounts so awarded to be paid from said $500,000 so withheld."

General Garfield, presiding at the time over the Committee of the Whole, ruled it out of order, and on an appeal being taken the decision was sustained by ayes 93, noes 27. After dilatory motions and the offer of various amendments, which were rejected, the bill was passed by ayes 113, noes 43.

The House prefaced the bill by a preamble, asserting in effect that "the subjects embraced in the treaty are among those which by the Constitution are submitted to the power of Congress, and over which Congress has jurisdiction; and for these reasons, it is necessary that the consent of Congress should be given to the said stipulations before the same can have full force and effect." There was no mention of the Senate's ratification, merely a reference to the fact that "the President has entered into a treaty with the Emperor of Russia, and has agreed to pay him the sum of seven million two hundred thousand dollars in coin." The House by this preamble evidently claimed that its consent to the treaty was just as essential as the consent of the Senate—that it was, in short, a subject for the consideration of Congress.

The Senate was unwilling to admit such a pretension, especially when put forth by the House in this bald form, and therefore rejected it unanimously. The matter was sent to a conference, and by changing the preamble a compromise was promptly effected, which preserved the rank and dignity of both branches. It declared that "whereas the President had entered into a treaty with the Emperor of Russia, and the Senate thereafter gives its advice and consent to said treaty . . . and

whereas said stipulations can not be carried into full force and effect, except by legislation to which the consent of both Houses of Congress is necessary; therefore be it enacted that there be appropriated the sum of $7,200,000" for the purpose named. With this compromise the bill was readily passed, and became a law by the President's approval July 27, 1868. . . .

The important transaction was not closed without a feeling of resentment in Congress against Mr. Seward, because of his going so far in the negotiation without reserving any judgment for other departments of the Government. The treaty with Russia was absolute in its terms. There was no qualifying clause making its fulfilment dependent upon the appropriation of the money by Congress. By the time Congress had the subject under consideration, Russia had removed her military guard and surrendered the territory to President Johnson, who had taken formal possession of it in the name of the United States. Our flag was hoisted where that of Russia had lately floated. It was no doubt Mr. Seward's intention by this course to render a withholding of the purchase money by Congress impossible, and it must be confesst that the moral coercion was skilfully applied and was found to be irresistible. Mr. Seward did not consider the treaty from a financial point of view. He knew intuitively that the territory was worth more to the United States than to any other power; and he knew that at the most critical point in our Civil War the outspoken friendship of Russia had been worth to the cause of the American Union many times over the amount we were about to pay for Alaska.

From the time of the acquisition of Louisiana until the purchase of Alaska, the additions of territory to the United States had all been in the interest of slavery. Louisiana, stretching across the entire country from South to North, was of equal value to each section; but the acquisition of Florida, the annexation of Texas, the territory acquired from Mexico by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, with the addition of Arizona under the Gadsden treaty, were all made under the lead of Southern statesmen to strengthen the political power and the material resources of the South. Meanwhile, by the inexcusable errors of the Democratic party, and especially of Democratic diplomacy, we lost that vast tract on the north known as British Columbia, the possession of which, after the acquisition of Alaska, would have given to the United States the continuous frontage on the Pacific Ocean from the south line of California to Bering's Straits. Looking northward for territory, instead of southward, was a radical change of policy in the conduct of the Government—a policy which, happily and appropriately, it was the good fortune of Mr. Seward to initiate under impressive and significant circumstances.[2]

[2] Since the purchase, Alaska has yielded in furs, fish, and gold about $150,000,000, a sum almost equally divided among the three commodities. The salmon industry now yields about $10,600,000 a year. The gold output in 1910 was $18,275,400. The population in 1908 was 88,000; in 1868 it was 30,000.

THE SECOND VISIT OF DICKENS

(1868)

AS DESCRIBED BY DICKENS IN LETTERS TO FRIENDS AT HOME[1]

On the night of Tuesday the 19th of November Dickens arrived at Boston, where he took up his residence at the Parker House hotel; and his first letter (21st) stated that the tickets for the first four readings, all to that time issued, had been sold immediately on their becoming salable. "An immense train of people waited in the freezing street for twelve hours, and passed into the office in their turns, as at a French theater. The receipts already taken for these nights exceed our calculation by more than £250."

Up to the last moment, he had not been able to clear off wholly a shade of misgiving that some of the old grudges might make themselves felt; but from the instant of his setting foot in Boston not a vestige of such fear remained. The greeting was to the full as extraordinary as that of twenty-five years before, and was given now, as then, to the man who had made himself the most popular writer in the country. His novels and tales were crowding the shelves of all the dealers in books in all the cities of the Union. In every house, in every car, on every steamboat, in every theater of America, the characters, the fancies, the phrase-

[1] From Forster's "Life of Dickens."

ology of Dickens were become familiar beyond those of any other writer of books.

"Even in England," said one of the New York journals, "Dickens is less known than here; and of the millions here who treasure every word he has written, there are tens of thousands who would make a large sacrifice to see and hear the man who has made happy so many hours. Whatever sensitiveness there once was to adverse or sneering criticism, the lapse of a quarter of a century, and the profound significance of a great war, have modified or removed." The point was more pithily, and as truly, put by Mr. Horace Greeley in the *Tribune*. "The fame as a novelist which Mr. Dickens had already created in America, and which, at the best, has never yielded him anything particularly munificent or substantial, is become his capital stock in the present enterprise."

The first reading was appointed for the second of December, and in the interval he saw some old friends and made some new ones. Boston he was fond of comparing to Edinburgh as Edinburgh was in the days when several dear friends of his own still lived there. Twenty-five years had changed much in the American city; some genial faces were gone, and on ground which he had left a swamp he found now the most princely streets; but there was no abatement of the old warmth of kindness, and, with every attention and consideration shown to him, there was no intrusion. He was not at first completely conscious of the change in this respect, or of the prodigious increase in the size of Boston. But the latter grew upon him from day to-day, and then there was imprest along with it a contrast to which it was diffi-

cult to reconcile himself. Nothing enchanted him so much as what he again saw of the delightful domestic life of Cambridge, simple, self-respectful, cordial, and affectionate; and it seemed impossible to believe that within half an hour's distance of it should be found what might at any time be witnessed in such hotels as that which he was staying at; crowds of swaggerers, loafers, bar-loungers, and dram-drinkers, that seemed to be making up, from day to day, not the least important part of the human life of the city.

"The city has increased prodigiously in twenty-five years," he wrote to his daughter Mary. "It has grown more mercantile. It is like Leeds mixed with Preston, and flavored with New Brighton. Only, instead of smoke and fog, there is an exquisitely bright light air." "Cambridge is exactly as I left it," he wrote to me. "Boston more mercantile, and much larger. The hotel I formerly stayed at, and thought a very big one, is now regarded as a very small affair. I do not yet notice —but a day, you know, is not a long time for observation!—any marked change in character or habits. In this immense hotel I live very high up, and have a hot and cold bath in my bedroom, with other comforts not in existence in my former day. The cost of living is enormous." "Two of the staff are at New York," he wrote to his sister-in-law on the 25th of November, "where we are at our wits' end how to keep tickets out of the hands of speculators. We have communications from all parts of the country, but we take no offer whatever. The young undergraduates of Cambridge have made a representation to Longfellow that they are 500 strong and can not get one ticket. I

don't know what is to be done, but I suppose I must read there, somehow. We are all in the clouds until I shall have broken ground in New York." The sale of tickets, there, had begun two days before the first reading in Boston. "At the New York barriers," he wrote to his daughter on the first of December, "where the tickets were on sale and the people ranged as at the Paris theaters, speculators went up and down offering twenty dollars for anybody's place. The money was in no case accepted. But one man sold two tickets for the second, third, and fourth nights; his payment in exchange being one ticket for the first night, fifty dollars (about £7 10s.), and a 'brandy-cocktail.'"

On Monday the second of December he read for the first time in Boston, his subjects being the "Carol" and the "Trial from Pickwick"; and his reception, from an audience than which perhaps none more remarkable could have been brought together, went beyond all expectations formed. "It is really impossible," he wrote to me next morning, "to exaggerate the magnificence of the reception or the effect of the reading. The whole city will talk of nothing else and hear of nothing else to-day. Every ticket for those announced here, and in New York, is sold. All are sold at the highest price, for which in our calculation we made no allowance; and it is impossible to keep out speculators who immediately sell at a premium. At the decreased rate of money even, we had above £450 English in the house last night; and the New York hall holds 500 people more. Everything looks brilliant beyond the most sanguine hopes, and I was quite as cool last night as the

I were reading at Chatham." The next night he read again; and also on Thursday and Friday; on Wednesday he had rested; and on Saturday he traveled to New York.

He had written, the day before he left, that he was making a clear profit of thirteen hundred pounds English a week, even allowing seven dollars to the pound; but words were added having no good omen in them, that the weather was taking a turn of even unusual severity, and that he found the climate, in the suddenness of its changes, "and the wide leaps they take," excessively trying. "The work is of course rather trying too; but the sound position that everything must be subservient to it enables me to keep aloof from invitations. To-morrow," ran the close of the letter, "we move to New York. We can not beat the speculators in our tickets. We sell no more than six to any one person for the course of four readings; but these speculators, who sell at greatly increased prices and make large profits, will employ any number of men to buy. One of the chief of them—now living in this house, in order that he may move as we move!—can put on 50 people in any place we go to; and thus he gets 300 tickets into his own hands."

Almost while Dickens was writing an eye-witness was describing to a Philadelphia paper the sale of the New York tickets. The pay-place was to open at nine on a Wednesday morning, and at midnight of Tuesday a long line of speculators were assembled in *queue;* at two in the morning a few honest buyers had begun to arrive; at five there were, of all classes, two lines of not less than 800 each; at eight there were at least 5,000 per-

sons in the two lines; at nine each line was more than three-quarters of a mile in length, and neither became sensibly shorter during the whole morning. "The tickets for the course were all sold before noon. Members of families relieved each other in the *queues;* waiters flew across the streets and squares from the neighboring restaurant, to serve parties who were taking their breakfast in the open December air; while excited men offered five and ten dollars for the mere permission to exchange places with other persons standing nearer the head of the line!"

The effect of the reading in New York corresponded with this marvelous preparation, and Dickens characterized his audience as an unexpected support to him; in its appreciation quick and unfailing, and highly demonstrative in its satisfactions. On the 11th of December he wrote to his daughter: "Amazing success. A very fine audience, far better than at Boston. 'Carol' and 'Trial' on first night, great: still greater, 'Copperfield' and 'Bob Sawyer' on second. For the tickets of the four readings of next week there were, at nine o'clock this morning, 3,000 people in waiting, and they had begun to assemble in the bitter cold as early as two o'clock in the morning." To myself he wrote on the 15th, adding touches to the curious picture. "Dolby has got into trouble about the manner of issuing the tickets for next week's series. He cannot get four thousand people into a room holding only two thousand, he can not induce people to pay at the ordinary price for themselves instead of giving thriee as much to speculators, and he is attacked in all directions. . . . I don't much like my hall, for it has two large

balconies far removed from the platform: but no one ever waylays me as I go into it or come out of it, and it is kept as rigidly quiet as the Français at a rehearsal. We have not yet had in it less than £430 per night, allowing for the depreciated currency. I send £3,000 to England by this packet. From all parts of the States, applications and offers continually come in. We go to Boston next Saturday for two more readings, and come back here on Christmas Day for four more. I am not yet bound to go elsewhere, except three times (each time for two nights) to Philadelphia; thinking it wisest to keep free for the largest places. I have had an action brought against me by a man who considered himself injured (and really may have been) in the matter of his tickets. Personal service being necessary, I was politely waited on by a marshal for that purpose: whom I received with the greatest courtesy, apparently very much to his amazement. The action was handsomely withdrawn next day, and the plaintiff paid his own costs. . . .

Next day a letter to his sister-in-law related an incident too common in American cities to disconcert any but strangers. He had lodged himself, I should have said, at the Westminster Hotel in Irving Place. "Last night I was getting into bed just at 12 o'clock, when Dolby came to my door to inform me that the house was on fire. I got Scott up directly: told him first to pack the books and clothes for the readings: drest, and pocketed my jewels and papers: while the manager stuffed himself out with money. Meanwhile the police and firemen were in the house tracing the mischief to its source in a certain fire-grate. By this time

the hose was laid all through from a great tank on the roof, and everybody turned out to help. It was the oddest sight, and people had put the strangest things on! After chopping and cutting with axes through stairs, and much handing about of water, the fire was confined to a dining-room in which it had originated; and then everybody talked to everybody else, the ladies being particularly loquacious and cheerful. I may remark that the second landlord (from both, but especially the first, I have had untiring attention) no sooner saw me on this agitating occasion, than, with his property blazing, he insisted on taking me down into a room full of hot smoke, to drink brandy and water with him! And so we got to bed again about 2."

Dickens had been a week in New York before he was able to identify the great city which a lapse of twenty-five years had so prodigiously increased. "The only portion that has even now come back to me," he wrote, "is the part of Broadway in which the Carlton Hotel (long since destroyed) used to stand. There is a very fine new park in the outskirts, and the number of grand houses and splendid equipages is quite surprizing. There are hotels close here with 500 bedrooms, and I don't know how many boarders; but this hotel is quite as quiet as, and not much larger than, Mivart's in Brook Street. My rooms are all en suite, and I come and go by a private door and private staircase communicating with my bedroom. The waiters are French, and one might be living in Paris. One of the two proprietors is also proprietor of Niblo's Theater, and the greatest care is taken of me. Niblo's great attraction, the 'Black Crook,'

has now been played every night for sixteen months (!), and is the most preposterous peg to hang ballets on that was ever seen. The people who act in it have not the slightest idea of what it is about, and never had; but, after taxing my intellectual powers to the utmost, I fancy that I have discovered 'Black Crook' to be a malignant hunchback leagued with the Powers of Darkness to separate two lovers; and that the Powers of Lightness coming (in no skirts whatever) to the rescue, he is defeated. I am quite serious in saying that I do not suppose there are two pages of *All the Year Round* in the whole piece (which acts all night); the whole of the rest of it being ballets of all sorts, perfectly unaccountable processions, and the Donkey out of last year's Covent Garden pantomime! At the other theaters, comic operas, melodramas, and domestic dramas prevail all over the city, and my stories play no inconsiderable part in them. I go nowhere, having laid down the rule that to combine visiting with my work would be absolutely impossible. . . .

"At Brooklyn I am going to read in Mr. Henry Ward Beecher's chapel: the only building there available for the purpose. You must understand that Brooklyn is a kind of sleeping-place for New York, and is supposed to be a great place in the money way. We let the seats pew by pew! the pulpit is taken down for my screen and gas! and I appear out of the vestry in canonical form! These ecclesiastical entertainments come off on the evenings of the 16th, 17th, 20th, and 21st, of the present month."

His first letter after returning to New York (9th of January) made additions to the Brooklyn

picture. "Each evening an enormous ferryboat will convey me and my state carriage (not to mention half a dozen wagons and any number of people and a few score of horses) across the river to Brooklyn, and will bring me back again. The sale of tickets there was an amazing scene. The noble army of speculators are now furnished (this is literally true, and I am quite serious) each man with a straw mattress, a little bag of bread and meat, two blankets, and a bottle of whisky. With this outfit, *they lie down in line on the pavement* the whole of the night before the tickets are sold; generally taking up their position at about 10. It being severely cold at Brooklyn, they made an immense bonfire in the street—a narrow street of wooden houses—which the police turned out to extinguish. A general fight then took place; from which the people farthest off in the line rushed bleeding when they saw any chance of ousting others nearer the door, put their mattresses in the spots so gained, and held on by the iron rails. At 8 in the morning Dolby appeared with the tickets in a portmanteau. He was immediately saluted with a roar of Halloa! Dolby! So Charley has let you have the carriage, has he, Dolby? How is he, Dolby? Don't drop the tickets, Dolby! Look alive, Dolby! etc., etc., etc., in the midst of which he proceeded to business, and concluded (as usual) by giving universal dissatisfaction. He is now going off upon a little journey to look over the ground and cut back again." . . .

Three days later, still at New York, he wrote to his sister-in-law. "I am off to Philadelphia this evening for the first of three visits of two nights each, tickets for all being sold. My cold steadily

refuses to leave me, but otherwise I am as well as I can hope to be under this heavy work. My New York readings are over (except the farewell nights), and I look forward to the relief of being out of my hardest hall. On Friday I was again dead beat at the end, and was once more laid upon a sofa. But the faintness went off after a little while. We have now cold bright frosty weather, without snow; the best weather for me."

Next day from Philadelphia he wrote to his daughter that he was lodged in the Continental, one of the most immense of American hotels, but that he found himself just as quiet as elsewhere. "Everything is very good, my waiter is German, and the greater part of the servants seem to be colored people. The town is very clean, and the day as blue and bright as a fine Italian day. But it freezes very, very hard, and my cold is not improved; for the cars were so intolerably hot that I was often obliged to stand upon the brake outside, and then the frosty air bit me indeed. I find it necessary (so opprest am I with this American catarrh as they call it) to dine at three o'clock instead of four, that I may have more time to get voice; so that the days are cut short and letter-writing not easy."

He nevertheless found time in this city to write to me (14th of January) the most interesting mention he had yet made of such opinions as he had been able to form during his present visit, apart from the pursuit that absorbed him. While the tone of party politics still imprest him unfavorably, he had thus far seen everywhere great changes for the better socially. I will add other points from the same letter. That he was unfor-

tunate in his time of visiting New York, as far as its politics were concerned, what has since happened conclusively shows. "The Irish element is acquiring such enormous influence in New York City that, when I think of it, and see the large Roman Catholic cathedral rising there, it seems unfair to stigmatize as 'American' other monstrous things that one also sees. But the general corruption in respect of the local funds appears to be stupendous, and there is an alarming thing as to some of the courts of law which I am afraid is native-born. A case came under my notice the other day in which it was perfectly plain, from what was said to me by a person interested in resisting an injunction, that his first proceeding had been to 'look up the judge.'" Of such occasional provincial oddity, harmless in itself but strange in large cities, as he noticed in the sort of half disappointment at the small fuss made by himself about the readings, and in the newspaper references to "Mr. Dickens's extraordinary composure" on the platform, he gives an illustration. "Last night here in Philadelphia (my first night), a very impressible and responsive audience were so astounded by my simply walking in and opening my book that I wondered what was the matter. They evidently thought that there ought to have been a flourish, and Dolby sent in to prepare for me. With them it is the simplicity of the operation that raises wonder."

His testimony as to improved social habits and ways was exprest very decidedly. "I think it reasonable to expect that as I go westward, I shall find the old manners going on before me, and may tread upon their skirts mayhap. But so far,

I have had no more intrusion or boredom than I have when I lead the same life in England. I write this in an immense hotel, but I am as much at peace in my own rooms, and am left as wholly undisturbed, as if I were at the Station Hotel in York. I have now read in New York city to 40,000 people, and am quite as well known in the streets there as I am in London. People will turn back, turn again and face me, and have a look at me, or will say to one another 'Look here! Dickens coming!' But no one ever stops me or addresses me. Sitting reading in the carriage outside the New York post-office while one of the staff was stamping the letters inside, I became conscious that a few people who had been looking at the turn-out had discovered me within. On my peeping out good-humoredly, one of them (I should say a merchant's bookkeeper) stept up to the door, took off his hat, and said in a frank way: 'Mr. Dickens, I should very much like to have the honor of shaking hands with you'—and, that done, presented two others. Nothing could be more quiet or less intrusive. In the railway cars, if I see anybody who clearly wants to speak to me, I usually anticipate the wish by speaking myself. If I am standing on the brake outside (to avoid the intolerable stove), people getting down will say with a smile: 'As I am taking my departure, Mr. Dickens, and can't trouble you for more than a moment, I should like to take you by the hand, sir." And so we shake hands and go our ways.

"To-night's reading is my 26th; but as all the Philadelphia tickets for four more are sold, as well as four at Brooklyn, you must assume that I am at—say—my 35th reading. I have remitted

to Coutts's in English gold £10,000 odd; and I roughly calculate that on this number Dolby will have another thousand pounds profit to pay me. These figures are of course between ourselves, at present; but are they not magnificent? The expenses, always recollect, are enormous. On the other hand we never have occasion to print a bill of any sort (bill-printing and posting are great charges at home); and have just now sold off £90 worth of bill paper, provided beforehand, as a wholly useless incumbrance." . . .

Dickens's last letter from America was written to his daughter Mary from Boston on the 9th of April, the day before his sixth and last farewell night. "I not only read last Friday when I was doubtful of being able to do so, but read as I never did before, and astonished the audience quite as much as myself. You never saw or heard such a scene of excitement. Longfellow and all the Cambridge men have urged me to give in. I have been very near doing so, but feel stronger to-day. I can not tell whether the catarrh may have done me any lasting injury in the lungs or other breathing organs, until I shall have rested and got home. I hope and believe not. Consider the weather! There have been two snow-storms since I wrote last, and to-day the town is blotted out in a ceaseless whirl of snow and wind. Dolby is as tender as a woman, and as watchful as a doctor. He never leaves me during the reading, now, but sits at the side of the platform, and keeps his eye upon me all the time. Ditto George the gasman, steadiest and most reliable man I ever employed. I have 'Dombey' to do to-night, and must go through it carefully; so here ends my report. The personal

affection of the people in this place is charming to the last. Did I tell you that the New York Press are going to give me a public dinner on Saturday the 18th?"

In New York, where there were five farewell nights, three thousand two hundred and ninety-eight dollars were the recipts of the last, on the 20th of April; those of the last at Boston, on the 8th, having been three thousand four hundred and fifty-six dollars. But on earlier nights in the same cities respectively, these sums also had been reached; and indeed, making allowance for an exceptional night here and there, the receipts varied so wonderfully little, that a mention of the highest average returns from other places will give no exaggerated impression of the ordinary receipts throughout. Excluding fractions of dollars, the lowest were New Bedford ($1,640), Rochester ($1,906), Springfield ($1,970), and Providence ($2,140). Albany and Worcester averaged something less than $2,400; while Hartford, Buffalo, Baltimore, Syracuse, New Haven, and Portland rose to $2,600. Washington's last night was $2,610, no night there having less than $2,500. Philadelphia exceeded Washington by $300, and Brooklyn went ahead of Philadelphia by $200. The amount taken at the four Brooklyn readings was $11,128.

The New York public dinner was given at Delmonico's, the hosts were more than two hundred, and the chair was taken by Mr. Horace Greeley. Dickens attended with great difficulty, and spoke in pain. But he used the occasion to bear his testimony to the changes of twenty-five years; the rise of vast new cities; growth in the graces and

amenities of life; much improvement in the press, essential to every other advance; and changes in himself leading to opinions more deliberately formed. He promised his kindly entertainers that no copy of his "Notes," or his "Chuzzlewit," should in future be issued by him without accompanying mention of the changes to which he had referred that night; of the politeness, delicacy, sweet temper, hospitality, and consideration in all ways for which he had to thank them; and of his gratitude for the respect shown, during all his visit, to the privacy enforced upon him by the nature of his work and the condition of his health.

He had to leave the room before the proceedings were over. On the following Monday he read to his last American audience, telling them at the close that he hoped often to recall them, equally by his winter fire and in the green summer weather, and never as a mere public audience but as a host of personal friends. He sailed two days later in the *Russia*, and reached England in the first week of May, 1868.

THE FIRST RAILROAD ACROSS THE CONTINENT

(1869)

BY JOHN P. DAVIS[1]

The inducements offered by the Act of 1862 were insufficient to attract to the Union Pacific individual capitalists desirous to display industrial heroism and save the nation, but doubling the amount of the prizes by the amendments of 1864 had the desired effect, and a beginning was made by the completion of eleven miles of the Union Pacific by September 25, 1865, and of forty miles by the end of that year. On October 5, 1866, the mileage had increased to two hundred forty-seven. By January 1, 1867, the road was finished and operated to a point three hundred five miles west from Omaha. In 1867 two hundred forty miles were built. The year 1868 produced four hundred twenty-five miles; and the first four months of 1869 added the one hundred twenty-five miles necessary to complete the road to its junction with the Central Pacific at Promontory Point.

Work on the Central Pacific had been begun at Sacramento more than a year before it was begun on the Union Pacific at Omaha; and by the time the first eleven miles of the latter had been completed, the former had attained a length of fifty-

[1] From Davis's "The Union Pacific Railway." By permission of the publishers, Scott, Forsman Co. Copyright.

six miles, increased by January 1, 1867, to ninety-four miles. In 1867 forty-six miles were built; in 1868 three hundred sixty-three miles were added; in 1869 the remaining one hundred eighty-six miles were covered, and Promontory Point was reached. The Union Pacific had built one thousand eighty-six miles from Omaha; the Central Pacific had built six hundred eighty-nine miles from Sacramento.

The natural obstacles presented by the mountains and desert land, the absence of timber on the prairies, of water in the mountains, and of both in the alkali desert, had made the work exceptionally difficult and expensive. The Central Pacific, tho under the necessity of getting its iron, finished supplies, and machinery by sea, via Cape Horn or Panama, had the advantage of Chinese coolie labor and the unified management of its construction company; while the Union Pacific, having no railway connection until January, 1867, was subjected to the hardship of getting its supplies overland from the termini of the Iowa railways or by Missouri River boats, and had to depend on intractable Irish labor and the warring factions of the Crédit Mobilier.

The Sierra Nevada furnished the Central Pacific all the timber needed for ties, trestlework, and snowsheds, but the Union Pacific had little or no timber along its line, except the unserviceable cottonwood of the Platte Valley, and many boats were kept busy for a hundred miles above and below Omaha on the Missouri River in furnishing ties and heavy timbers. Both roads were being built through a new, uninhabited, and uncultivated region, where were no foundries, machine-shops, or

any other conveniences of a settled country. The large engine used in the Union Pacific Railway shops was dragged across the country to Omaha from Des Moines. Twenty-five thousand men, about equally divided between two companies, are said to have been employed during the closing months of the great work. Several thousand Chinamen had been imported to California for the express purpose of building the Central Pacific. On the Union Pacific, European emigrant labor, principally Irish, was employed. At the close of the Civil War many of the soldiers, laborers, teamsters, and camp-followers drifted west to gather the aftermath of the war in the work of railway construction.

The work was essentially military, and one is not surprized to find among the superintendents and managers a liberal sprinkling of military titles. The surveying parties were always accompanied by a detachment of soldiery as a protection against interference by Indians. The construction-trains were amply supplied with rifles and other arms, and it was boasted that a gang of track-layers could be transmuted at any moment into a battalion of infantry. . . .

The only settlements between Omaha and Sacramento in 1862 were those of the Mormons in Utah, and Denver and a few mining camps in Colorado and Nevada. Colorado was given over to the Kansas Pacific, and Salt Lake City was left for a branch line; Ogden, a Mormon town of a few hundred inhabitants, was the only station between the termini of the Union Central Pacific. The necessities of the work of construction created new settlements and stations as it progressed, and

as fast as the road was completed to each convenient point it was operated to it, while the work went on from the terminus town as a headquarters or base of operations; thus, when the entire line was put in operation, July 15, 1869, such places as North Platte, Kearney, and Cheyenne had "got a start," while other towns, being made the termini of branch lines, secured the additional impulse due in general to junction towns. Some of the "headquarters towns," like Benton, enjoyed only a temporary, Jonah's gourd existence, and nothing is now left to mark their former location. The life in them was rough and profligate in the extreme. . . .

It had been expected that the Central Pacific, chartered by the State of California, would build east to the Nevada boundary, and that the Union Pacific, chartered by the National Government, would build westward from Omaha through the territories to a meeting at the California boundary. But the object of the Pacific Railroad charter was to secure a railway from the Missouri to the Pacific, by whomsoever constructed, and its terms (section 10 of the Act of 1862) had provided that "in case said first-named [Union Pacific] company shall complete their line to the eastern boundary of California before it is completed across said State by the Central Pacific Railroad Company of California, said first-named company is hereby authorized to continue in constructing the same through California until said roads shall meet and connect, and the Central Pacific Railroad Company of California, after completing its road across said State, is authorized to continue the construction of said railroad and telegraph

through the Territories of the United States to the Missouri River, including the branch lines specified, until said roads shall meet and connect."

This was changed in the Act of 1864 (section 16) to a provision that the Central Pacific might "extend their line of road eastward one hundred fifty miles on the established route, so as to meet and connect with the line of the Union Pacific road." Of which change Collis P. Huntington, of the Central Pacific, has said: "'One hundred fifty miles' should not have gone into the bill; but I said to Mr. Union Pacific, when I saw it, I would take that out as soon as I wanted it out. In 1866 I went to Washington. I got a large majority of them without the use of a dollar." Accordingly the Act of 1866 renewed the original provision of the Act of 1862, and provided (section 2) that "the Central Pacific Railroad Company of California, with the consent and approval of the Secretary of the Interior, are hereby authorized to locate, construct, and continue their road eastward in a continuous completed line, until they shall meet and connect with the Union Pacific Railroad."

The renewed provision resulted in the greatest race on record. The Central Pacific had to surmount the Sierra Nevada range at the beginning of its course, but the "Big Four," under the legal disguise of Charles Crocker and Company, were plucky, and the rise of seven thousand twelve feet above the sea-level in the one hundred five miles east of Sacramento to Summit was accomplished by the autumn of 1867. The Central Pacific did not wait for the completion of its fourteen tunnels, and especially its longest one of more than one

thousand six hundred feet, at Summit, but hauled iron and supplies, and even locomotives, over the Sierra Nevada beyond the completed track, and went ahead with track-laying, to be connected later with the track through the tunnels. The Union Pacific had comparatively easy work from Omaha along the Platte Valley and up the slope to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and boasted that its line would reach the eastern side of the Sierra Nevada before the Central Pacific had surmounted it. But the boast was not warranted.

In the autumn of 1867 the invading army of Mongolians emerged from the mountains on the west, while the rival army of Celts had reached the summit of the Black Hills and were beginning their descent into the Great Basin on the east. Every mile now meant a prize of $64,000 to $96,000 for the contending giants, with the commercial advantage of the control of the traffic of the Salt Lake Valley in addition. The construction of road went on at the rate of four to ten miles a day. Each of the two companies had more than ten thousand men at work.

For the purpose of facilitating the work, the amendatory Act of 1864 had permitted, on the certificate of the chief engineer and government commissioners, that a portion of the work required to prepare the road for the superstructure was done, that a proportion of the bonds to be fully earned on the final completion of the work, not exceeding two-thirds of the value of the portion of the work done, and not exceeding two-thirds of the whole amount of bonds to be earned, should be delivered to each company; the full benefit of this inducement was sought by each of the con-

testants. The Union Pacific Company had its parties of graders working two hundred miles in advance of its completed line in places as far west as Humboldt Wells, but financial difficulties prevented its following up this advantage. The Central Pacific Company, on the other hand, had its grading-parties one hundred miles ahead of its completed line and thirty miles east of Ogden.

When the two roads met at Promontory Point, it was found that the Central Pacific had graded eighty miles to the east that it never would cover, and the Union Pacific had wasted a million dollars on grading west of the meeting-place that it could not use. The Central Pacific had obtained from the Secretary of the Treasury an advance of two-thirds of the bond subsidy on its graded line to Echo Summit, about forty miles east of Ogden, before its completed line had reached Promontory Point; while the Union Pacific had actually laid its track to and westward from Ogden, and appeared thus to have gained the advantage of controlling the Salt Lake Valley traffic from Ogden as a base.

The Union Pacific was pushing westward from Ogden with its completed line about a mile distant from and parallel with the surveyed and graded line of the Central Pacific, and the two companies were each claiming the right to build the line between Ogden and Promontory Point on their separate surveys. The completed lines were threatening to lap as the graded lines already lapped, when Congress interfered and tried to clear the middle by statute. Before Congress could reach a conclusion, the companies compromised their differences, and Congress then approved the

settlement by a joint resolution, April 10, 1869, "That the common terminus of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific railroads shall be at or near Ogden; and the Union Pacific Railroad Company shall build, and the Central Pacific Railroad Company pay for and own, the railroad from the terminus aforesaid to Promontory Summit, at which point the rails shall meet and connect and form one continuous line." In the following year Congress, by further enactment, fixt "the common terminus and point of junction" at a particular point about five miles "northwest of the station at Ogden"; later the Union Pacific leased to the Central Pacific the five miles of track between the station at Ogden and the point fixt by Congress; thus Ogden became the actual point of junction of the two links of the completed Pacific Railway. . . .

The disputed question of the point of junction did not interfere with a due celebration of the meeting and joining of the two "ends of track" at Promontory Point on May 10, 1869. A space of about one hundred feet was left between the ends of the lines. Early in the day, Leland Stanford, Governor of California and president of the Central Pacific, arrived with his party from the west; in the forenoon Vice-President Durant and Directors Duff and Dillon, of the Union Pacific, with other men, including a delegation of Mormon "saints" from Salt Lake City, came in on a train from the east. The National Government was represented by a detachment of regulars from Fort Douglas, with the opportune accessories of ornamental officers and a military band. Curious Mexicans, Indians, and half-breeds, with the Chinese, negro, and Irish laborers, lent to the auspicious

little gathering a suggestive air of cosmopolitanism. The ties were laid for the rails in the open space, and while the coolies from the West laid the rails at one end, the Irishmen from the East laid them at the other end, until they met and joined.

The last spike remained to be driven. Telegraphic wires were so connected that each blow of the sledge could be reported instantly on the telegraphic instruments in most of the large cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific; corresponding blows were struck on the bell of the City Hall in San Francisco, and with the last blow of the sledge a cannon was fired at Fort Point. General Safford presented a spike of gold, silver, and iron as the offering of the Territory of Arizona; Tuttle, of Nevada, performed with a spike of silver a like office for his State. The tie of California laurel was put in place, and Doctor Harkness, of California, presented the last spike of gold in behalf of his State. A silver sledge had also been presented for the occasion. The driving of the spike by President Stanford and Vice-President Durant was greeted with lusty cheers; and the shouts of the six hundred persons present, to the accompaniment of the screams of the locomotive whistles and the blare of the military band, in the midst of the desert, found hearty and enthusiastic echoes in the great cities east and west.

"BLACK FRIDAY"

(1869)

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS[1]

In June, 1869, President Grant on a trip from New York to Boston, accepted a place in a private box of the theater which Fisk owned, and next day took, at the invitation of Fisk and Gould, one of their magnificent steamers to Fall River. After a handsome supper the host skilfully turned the conversation to the financial situation. Grant remarked that he thought there was a certain fictitiousness in the prosperity of the country, and that the bubble might as well be tapped. This suggestion "struck across us," said Mr. Gould, later, "like a wet blanket." Another wire must be pulled.

Facts and figures were now heaped together and published to prove that, should gold rise in this country about harvest time, grain, the price of which, being fixt in Liverpool, was independent of currency fluctuations, would be worth so much the more and would at once be hurried abroad; but that to secure this blessing Government must not sell any gold. Gould laid still other pipes. He visited the Presidential sphinx at Newport; others saw him at Washington. At New York

[1] From Andrews's "History of the Last Quarter Century of the United States, 1870-1895." By permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyright, 1895, 1896.

Gould buttonholed him so assiduously that he was obliged to open his lips to rebuke his servant for giving Gould such ready access to him.

The President seems to have been persuaded that a rise in gold while the crops were moving would advantage the country. At any rate, orders were given early in September to sell only gold sufficient to buy bonds for the sinking fund. The conspirators redoubled their purchases. The price of gold rose till, two days before Black Friday, it stood at 140½.

Tho he kept it to himself Gould was in terror lest the Treasury floodgates should be opened to prevent a panic. Business was palsied, and the bears were importuning the Government to sell. At his wits' end he wrote Secretary Boutwell:

"Sir: There is a panic in Wall Street, engineered by a bear combination. They have withdrawn currency to such an extent that it is impossible to do ordinary business. The Erie Company requires eight hundred thousand dollars to disburse . . . much of it in Ohio, where an exciting political contest is going on, and where we have about ten thousand men employed, and the trouble is charged on the administration. . . . Can not you, consistently, increase your line of currency?"

Gould, like Mayor Bagstock, was "devilish sly, sir." In his desperation he determined to turn "bear" and, if necessary, rend in pieces Fisk himself. Saying nothing of his fears, he encouraged Fisk boldly to keep on buying, while he himself secretly began to sell. Fisk fell into the trap, and his partner, taking care in his sales to steer clear of Fisk's brokers, proceeded secretly and swiftly

to unload gold and fulfil all his contracts. From this moment they acted each by and for himself, Gould operating through his firm and Fisk through an old partner of his named Belden.

On Thursday, September 23d, while his broker, Speyers is buying, Fisk coolly walks into the gold room, and, amid the wildest excitement, offers to bet any part of $50,000 that gold will rise to 200. Not a man dares take his bet.

On Black Friday the gold room is crowded two hours before the time of business. In the center excited brokers are betting, swearing, and quarreling, many of them pallid with fear of ruin, others hilarious in expectation of big commissions. In a back office across from the gold room Fisk, in shirt-sleeves, struts up and down, declaring himself the Napoleon of the street. At this time the ring was believed to hold in gold and in contracts to deliver the same, over $100,000,000.

Speyers, whom all suppose to represent Gould as well as Fisk, begins by offering 145, then 146, 147, 148, 149, but none will sell. "Put it up to 150," Fisk orders, and gold rises to that figure. At 150 a half-million is sold him by Mr. James Brown, who had quietly organized a band of merchants to meet the gamblers on their own ground. From all over the country the "shorts" are telegraphing orders to buy. Speyers is informed that if he continues to put up gold he will be shot; but he goes on offering 151, 152, 153, 154. Still none will sell. Meantime the victims of the corner are summoned to pay in cash the difference between 135, at which the gold was borrowed, and 150, at which the firm is willing to settle. Fearing lest gold go to 200, many settle at 148. At 155,

amid the tremendous roar of the bull brokers bidding higher and higher, Brown again sells half a million. "160 for any part of five millions." Brown sells a million more. "161 for five millions." No bid. "162 for five millions." At first no response. Again, "162 for any part of five millions." A voice is heard, "Sold one million at 162." "163½ for five millions." "Sold five millions at 163." Crash! The market has been broken, and by Gould's sales. Everybody now begins to sell, when the news comes that the Government has telegraphed to sell four millions. Gold instantly falls to 140, then to 133. "Somebody," cried Fisk, "has run a saw right into us. We are forty miles down the Delaware and don't know where we are. Our fantom gold can't stand the weight of the real stuff."

Gould has no mind permanently to ruin his partner. He coolly suggests that Fisk has only to repudiate his contracts, and Fisk complies. His offers to buy gold he declares "off," making good only a single one of them, as to which he was so placed that he had no option. What was due him, on the other hand, he collected to the uttermost dollar. To prevent being mobbed the pair encircled their opera house with armed toughs and fled thither. There was no civil process or other molestation was likely to reach them. Presently certain of "the thieves' judges," as they were called, came to their relief by issuing injunctions estopping all transactions connected with the conspiracy which would have been disadvantageous for the conspirators.

THE GREAT CHICAGO FIRE

(1871)

BY HORACE WHITE[1]

As a slight acknowledgment of your thoughtful-kindness in forwarding to us, without orders, a complete outfit of type and cases, when you heard that we had been burned out, I send you a hastily written sketch of what I saw at the great fire. . . .

The history of the great fire in Chicago, which rises to the dignity of a national event, can not be written until each witness, who makes any record whatever, shall have told what he saw. Nobody could see it all—no more than one man could see the whole of the battle of Gettysburg. It was too vast, too swift, too full of smoke, too full of danger, for anybody to see it all. My experience derives its only public importance from the fact that what I did, substantially, a hundred thousand

[1] Mr. White, who afterward became one of the editors of the New York *Evening Post*, was then one of the editors of the Chicago *Tribune*. He was an eye-witness of the great Chicago conflagration, and wrote this account as a letter to Murat Halstead, then editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial*. It was written in the office of the Chicago *Tribune*, and bears date October 14, 1871.

E. Benjamin Andrews, in his "History of the Last Quarter-Century of the United States," says of another great conflagration of the period: "Next after that of Chicago, the most destructive conflagration ever known in the United States visited Boston in 1872. It originated during Saturday evening, November 9th, on the corner of Kingston and Summer Streets, spread with terrible rapidity east and north, and raged with little abatement till nearly noon next

others did or attempted—that is, saved or sought to save their lives and enough of their wearing-apparel to face the sky in. . . .

I had retired to rest, tho not to sleep (Sunday, October 8), when the great bell struck the alarm, but fires had been so frequent of late, and had been so speedily extinguished, that I did not deem it worth while to get up and look at it, or even to count the strokes on the bell to learn where it was. The bell paused for fifteen minutes before giving the general alarm, which distinguishes a great fire from a small one. When it sounded the general alarm I rose and looked out. There was a great light to the southwest of my residence, but no greater than I had frequently seen in that quarter, where vast piles of pine lumber have been stored all the time I have lived in Chicago, some eighteen years. But it was not pine lumber that was burning this time. It was a row of wooden tenements in the South Division of the city, in which a few days ago were standing whole rows of the most costly buildings which it hath entered into the

day. During Sunday afternoon the flames seemed well under control, but an explosion of gas about midnight set them raging afresh, and much of Monday had passed before they were subdued. Ordinary appliances for fighting fire were of no avail, the demon being at many points brought to bay only by the free use of dynamite to blow up buildings in his path. Sixty-five acres were laid waste. Washington Street, from Bedford to Milk, formed the western limit of the tract, which, at Milk, receded to Devonshire, lying east of this from Milk to State, which formed its northern terminus. Nothing but the waters of the harbor stayed the eastern march of the fire. The district burned had been the home of Boston's wholesale trade, containing the finest business blocks which the city could boast. Fourteen or fifteen lives were lost, and not far from 800 buildings were consumed. The property loss was placed at $80,000,000."

hearts of architects to conceive. I watched the increasing light for a few moments. Red tongues of light began to shoot upward; my family were all aroused by this time, and I drest myself for the purpose of going to the *Tribune* office to write something about the catastrophe. Once out upon the street, the magnitude of the fire was suddenly disclosed to me.

The dogs of hell were upon the housetops of La Salle and Wells streets, just south of Adams, bounding from one to another. The fire was moving northward like ocean surf on a sand beach. It had already traveled an eighth of a mile and was far beyond control. A column of flame would shoot up from a burning building, catch the force of the wind, and strike the next one, which in turn would perform the same direful office for its neighbor. It was simply indescribable in its terrible grandeur. Vice and crime had got the first scorching. The district where the fire got its first firm foothold was the Alsatia of Chicago. Fleeing before it was a crowd of blear-eyed, drunken, and diseased wretches, male and female, half-naked, ghastly, with painted cheeks, cursing and uttering ribald jests as they drifted along.

I went to the *Tribune* office, ascended to the editorial rooms, took the only inflammable thing there, a kerosene lamp, and carried it to the basement, where I emptied the oil into the sewer. This was scarcely done when I perceived the flames breaking out of the roof of the court house, the old nucleus of which, in the center of the edifice, was not constructed of fire-proof material, as the new wings had been. As the flames had leapt a vacant space of nearly two hundred feet to get at

this roof, it was evident that most of the business portion of the city must go down, but I did not reflect that the city water works, with their four great pumping engines, were in a straight line with the fire and wind. Nor did I know then that this priceless machinery was covered by a wooden roof. The flames were driving thither with demon precision.

Billows of fire were rolling over the business palaces of the city and swallowing up their contents. Walls were falling so fast that the quaking of the ground under our feet was scarcely noticed, so continuous was the reverberation. Sober men and women were hurrying through the streets from the burning quarter, some with bundles of clothes on their shoulders, others dragging trunks along the sidewalks by means of strings and ropes fastened to the handles, children trudging by their sides or borne in their arms. Now and then a sick man or woman would be observed, half concealed in a mattress doubled up and borne by two men. Droves of horses were in the streets, moving by some sort of guidance to a place of safety. Vehicles of all descriptions were hurrying to and fro, some laden with trunks and bundles, others seeking similar loads and immediately finding them, the drivers making more money in one hour than they were used to see in a week or a month. Everybody in this quarter was hurrying toward the lake shore. All the streets crossing that part of Michigan Avenue which fronts on the lake (on which my own residence stood) were crowded with fugitives, hastening toward the blessed water.

We saw the tall buildings on the opposite sides of the two streets melt down in a few moments

without scorching ours. The heat broke the plate-glass windows in the lower stories, but not in the upper ones. After the fire in our neighborhood had spent its force, the editorial and composing rooms did not even smell of smoke. Several of our brave fellows who had been up all night had gone to sleep on the lounges, while others were at the sink washing their faces, supposing that all danger to us had passed. So I supposed, and in this belief went home to breakfast. The smoke to the northward was so dense that we could not see the North Division, where sixty thousand people were flying in mortal terror before the flames. The immense store of Field, Leiter & Co. I observed to be under a shower of water from their own fire-apparatus, and since the First National Bank, a fire-proof building, protected it on one corner, I concluded that the progress of the flames in that direction was stopt, as the *Tribune* building had stopt it where we were. Here, at least, I thought was a saving of twenty millions of property, including the great Central depot and the two grain-elevators adjoining, effected by two or three buildings which had been erected with a view to such an emergency. The post-office and custom-house building (also fire-proof, according to public rumor) had stopt the flames a little farther to the southwest, altho the interior of that structure was burning. A straight line drawn northeast from the post-office would nearly touch the *Tribune*, First National Bank, Field, Leiter & Co.'s store, and the Illinois Central Railroad land department, another fire-proof. Everything east of that line seemed perfectly safe. And with this feeling I went home to breakfast.

There was still a mass of fire to the southwest, in the direction whence it originally came, but as the engines were all down there, and the buildings small and low, I felt sure that the firemen would manage it. As soon as I had swallowed a cup of coffee and communicated to my family the facts that I had gathered, I started out to see the end of the battle. Reaching State Street, I glanced down to Field, Leiter & Co.'s store, and to my surprize noticed that the streams of water which had before been showering it, as tho it had been a great artificial fountain, had ceased to run. But I did not conjecture the awful reality, viz., that the great pumping engines had been disabled by a burning roof falling upon them. I thought perhaps the firemen on the store had discontinued their efforts because the danger was over. But why were men carrying out goods from the lower story?

This query was soon answered by a gentleman who asked me if I had heard that the water had stopt! The awful truth was here! The pumping engines were disabled, and tho we had at our feet a basin sixty miles wide by three hundred and sixty long, and seven hundred feet deep, all full of clear green water, we could not lift enough to quench a cooking-stove. Still the direction of the wind was such that I thought the remaining fire would not cross State Street, nor reach the residences on Wabash and Michigan avenues and the terrified people on the lake shore. I determined to go down to the black cloud of smoke which was rising away to the southwest, the course of which could not be discovered on account of the height of the intervening buildings,

but thought it most prudent to go home again, and tell my wife to get the family wearing-apparel in readiness for moving. I found that she had already done so. I then hurried toward the black cloud, some ten squares distant, and there found the rows of wooden houses on Third and Fourth avenues falling like ripe wheat before the reaper. At a glance I perceived that all was lost in our part of the city, and I conjectured that the *Tribune* building was doomed too, for I had noticed with consternation that the fire-proof postoffice had been completely gutted, notwithstanding it was detached from other buildings. The *Tribune* was fitted into a niche, one side of which consisted of a wholesale stationery store, and the other of McVicker's Theater. But there was now no time to think of property. Life was in danger. The lives of those most dear to me depended upon their getting out of our house, out of our street, through an infernal gorge of horses, wagons, men, women, children, trunks, and plunder.

My brother was with me, and we seized the first empty wagon we could find, pinning the horse by the head. A hasty talk with the driver disclosed that we could have his establishment for one load for twenty dollars. I had not expected to get him for less than a hundred, unless we should take him by force, and this was a bad time for a fight. He proved himself a muscular as well as a faithful fellow, and I shall always be glad that I avoided a personal difficulty with him. One peculiarity of the situation was that nobody could get a team without ready money. I had not thought of this when I was revolving in my mind

the offer of one hundred dollars, which was more greenbacks than our whole family could have put up if our lives had depended upon the issue. This driver had divined that, as all the banks were burned, a check on the Commercial National would not carry him very far, altho it might carry me to a place of safety. All the drivers had divined the same. Every man who had anything to sell perceived the same. "Pay as you go" had become the watchword of the hour. Never was there a community so hastily and so completely emancipated from the evils of the credit system.

With some little difficulty we reached our house, and in less time than we ever set out on a journey before, we dragged seven trunks, four bundles, four valises, two baskets, and one hamper of provisions into the street and piled them on the wagon. The fire was still more than a quarter of a mile distant, and the wind, which was increasing in violence, was driving it not exactly in our direction. The low wooden houses were nearly all gone, and after that the fire must make progress, if at all, against brick and stone. Several churches of massive architecture were between us and harm, and the great Palmer House had not been reached, and might not be if the firemen, who had now got their hose into the lake, could work efficiently in the ever-increasing jam of fugitives.

My wife thought we should have time to take another load; my brother thought so; we all thought so. We had not given due credit either to the savage strength of the fire or the firm pack on Michigan Avenue. Leaving my brother to get the family safely out if I did not return in time,

and to pile the most valuable portion of my library into the drawers of bureaus and tables ready for moving, I seized a bird-cage containing a talented green parrot, and mounted the seat with the driver. For one square southward from the corner of Monroe Street we made pretty fair progress. The dust was so thick that we could not see the distance of a whole square ahead. It came, not in clouds, but in a steady storm of sand, the particles impinging against our faces like needle-points. Pretty soon we came to a dead halt. We could move neither forward, nor backward, nor sidewise. The gorge had caught fast somewhere. Yet everybody was good-natured and polite. If I should say I didn't hear an oath all the way down Michigan Avenue, there are probably some mule-drivers in Cincinnati who would say it was a lie. But I did not. The only quarrelsome person I saw was a German laborer (a noted exception to his race), who was protesting that he had lost everything, and that he would not get out of the middle of the road altho he was on foot. He became obstreperous on this point, and commenced beating the head of my horse with his fist. My driver was preparing to knock him down with the butt-end of the whip, when two men seized the insolent Teuton and dragged him to the water's edge, where it is to be hoped he was ducked.

Presently the jam began to move, and we got on perhaps twenty paces and stuck fast again. By accident we had edged over to the east side of the street, and nothing but a board fence separated us from the lake park, a strip of ground a little wider than the street itself. A benevolent laborer on the park side of the fence pulled a loose post

from the ground, and with this for a catapult knocked off the boards and invited us to pass through. It was a hazardous undertaking, as we had to drive diagonally over a raised sidewalk, but we thought it was best to risk it. Our horse mounted and gave us a jerk which nearly threw us off the seat, and sent the provision basket and one bundle of clothing whirling into the dirt. The eatables were irrecoverable. The bundle was rescued, with two or three pounds of butter plastered upon it. We started again, and here our parrot broke out with great rapidity and sharpness of utterance, "Get up, get up, get up, hurry up, hurry up, it's eight o'clock," ending with a shrill whistle. These ejaculations frightened a pair of carriage-horses, close to us, on the other side of the fence, but the jam was so tight they couldn't run.

By getting into the park we succeeded in advancing two squares without impediment, and we might have gone farther had we not come upon an excavation which the public authorities had recently made. This drove us back to the avenue, where another battering-ram made a gap for us at the intersection of Van Buren Street, the north end of Michigan Terrace. Here the gorge seemed impassable. The difficulty proceeded from teams entering Michigan Avenue from cross-streets. Extempore policemen stationed themselves at these crossings and helped, as well as they could, but we were half an hour passing the terrace. From this imposing row of residences the millionaires were dragging their trunks and their bundles, and yet there was no panic, no frenzy, no boisterousness, but only the haste which the situation authorized.

There was real danger to life all along this street, but nobody realized it, because the park was ample to hold all the people. None of us asked or thought what would become of those nearest the water if the smoke and cinders should drive the whole crowd down to the shore, or if the vast bazaar of luggage should itself take fire, as some of it afterward did. Fortunately for those in the street, there was a limit to the number of teams available in that quarter of the city. The contributions from the cross-streets grew less; and soon we began to move on a walk without interruption.

At Eldridge Court, I turned into Wabash Avenue, where the crowd was thinner. Arriving at the house of a friend, who was on the windward side of the fire, I tumbled off my load and started back to get another. Half-way down Michigan Avenue, which was now perceptibly easier to move in, I perceived my family on the sidewalk with their arms full of light household effects. My wife told me that the house was already burned, that the flames burst out ready-made in the rear hall before she knew that the roof had been scorched, and that one of the servants, who had disobeyed orders in her eagerness to save some article, had got singed, tho not burned, in coming out. My wife and my mother and all the rest were begrimed with dirt and smoke, like blackamoors; everybody was. The "bloated aristocrats" all along the streets, who supposed they had lost both home and fortune at one swoop, were a sorry but not despairing congregation. They had saved their lives at all events, and they knew that many of their fellow creatures must have lost theirs. I saw a great many kindly acts done as we moved

along. The poor helped the rich, and the rich helped the poor (if anybody could be called rich at such a time), to get on with their loads. I heard of cartmen demanding one hundred and fifty dollars (in hand, of course) for carrying a single load. Very likely it was so, but those cases did not come under my own notice. It did come under my notice that some cartmen worked for whatever the sufferers felt able to pay, and one I knew worked with alacrity for nothing. It takes all sorts of people to make a great fire.

Presently we heard loud detonations, and a rumor went around that buildings were being blown up with gunpowder. The depot of the Hazard Powder Company was situated at Brighton, seven or eight miles from the nearest point of the fire. At what time the effort was first made to reach this magazine, and bring powder into the service, I have not learned, but I know that Col. M. C. Stearns made heroic efforts with his great lime-wagons to haul the explosive material to the proper point.

This is no time to blame anybody, but in truth there was no directing head on the ground. Everybody was asking everybody else to pull down buildings. There were no hooks, no ropes, no axes. I had met General Sheridan[2] on the street in front of the post-office two hours before. He had been trying to save the army records, including his own invaluable papers relating to the war of the rebellion. He told me they were all lost, and then added that "the post-office didn't seem to make a good fire." This was when we supposed the row

[2] General Sheridan was then living in Chicago, and commanded the Western military division.

of fire-proof buildings, already spoken of, had stopt the flames in our quarter. Where was General Sheridan now? everybody asked. Why didn't he do something when everybody else had failed? Presently a rumor went around that Sheridan was handling the gunpowder; then everybody felt relieved. The reverberations of the powder, whoever was handling it, gave us all heart again. Think of a people feeling encouraged because somebody was blowing up houses in the midst of the city, and that a shower of bricks was very likely to come down on their heads!

I had paid and discharged my driver after extorting his solemn promise to come back and move me again if the wind should shift to the north—in which event everybody knew that the whole South Division, for a distance of four miles, must perish. We soon arrived at the house of the kind friend on Wabash Avenue, where our trunks and bundles had been deposited. This was south of the line of fire, but this did not satisfy anybody, since we had all seen how resolutely the flames had gone transversely across the direction of the wind. Then came a story from down the street that Sheridan was going to blow up the Wabash Avenue Methodist Church on the corner of Harrison Street. We observed a general scattering away of people from that neighborhood. I was nearly four squares south of the locality, and thought that the missiles wouldn't come so far. We awaited the explosion, but it did not come. By and by we plucked up courage to go around two or three blocks and see whether the church had fallen down of its own accord.

We perceived that two or three houses in the

rear of the edifice had been leveled to the ground, that the church itself was standing, and that the fire was out, in that quarter at least; also, that the line of Harrison Street marked the southern limits of the devastation. The wind continued to blow fiercely from the southwest, and has not ceased to this hour (Saturday, October 14). But it was liable to change. If it chopped around to the north, the burning embers would be blown back upon the South Division. If it veered to the east, they would be blown into the West Division, tho the river afforded rather better protection there. Then we should have nothing to do but to keep ahead of the flames and get down as fast as possible to the open prairie, and there spend the night houseless and supperless—and what of the morrow? A full hundred thousand of us. And if we were spared, and the West Division were driven out upon their prairie (a hundred and fifty thousand according to the Federal census), how would the multitude be fed? If there could be anything more awful than what we had already gone through, it would be what we would certainly go through if the wind should change; for with the embers of this great fire flying about, and no water to fight them, we knew that there was not gunpowder enough in Illinois to stop the inevitable conflagration. But this was not all.

A well-authenticated rumor came up to the city that the prairie was on fire south of Hyde Park, the largest of the southern suburbs. The grass was as dry as tinder, and so were the leaves in Cottage Grove, a piece of timber several miles square, containing hundreds of residences of the better class, some of them of palatial dimensions.

A fire on the prairie, communicating itself to the grove, might cut off the retreat of the one hundred thousand people in the South Division; might invade the South Division itself, and come up under the impulsion of that fierce wind, and where should we all be then? There were three or four bridges leading to the West Division, the only possible avenues of escape; but what were these among so many? And what if the "Commune" should go to work and start incendiary fires while all was yet in confusion? These fiends were improving the daylight by plundering along the street. Before dark the whole male population of the city was organized by spontaneous impulse into a night patrol, with pallid determination to put every incendiary to instant death.

About five o'clock P. M. I applied to a friend on Wabash Avenue for the use of a team to convey my family and chattels to the southern suburbs, about four miles distant, where my brother happened to own a small cottage, which, up to the present time, nobody could be induced to occupy and pay rent for. My friend replied that his work-teams were engaged hauling water for people to drink. Here was another thing that I had not thought of—a great city with no water to drink. Plenty in the lake, to be sure, but none in the city mains or the connecting pipes. Fortunately the extreme western limits were provided with a number of artesian wells, bored for manufacturing establishments. Then there was the river—the horrible, black, stinking river of a few weeks ago, which has since become clear enough for fish to live in, by reason of the deepening of the canal, which draws to the Mississippi a per-

petual flow of pure water from Lake Michigan. With the city pumping-works stopt, the sewers could no longer discharge themselves into the river. So this might be used; and it was. Twenty-four hours had not passed before tens of thousands of people were drinking the water of Chicago River, with no unpleasant taste or effects.

The work-teams of my friend being engaged in hauling water for people who could not get any from the wells or the river or lake, he placed at my disposel his carriage, horses and coachman, whom he directed to take me and the ladies to any place we desired to reach. While we were talking he hailed another gentleman on the street, who owned a large stevedore wagon, and asked him to convey my trunks, etc., to Cottage Grove Avenue, near Forty-third Street, to which request an immediate and most gracious assent was given. And thus we started again, our hostess pressing a mattress upon us from her store. All the streets leading southward were yet filled with fugitives. Where they all found shelter that night I know not, but every house seemed to be opened to anybody who desired to enter. Arrived at our new home, about dusk, we found in it, as we expected, a cold reception, there being neither stove, nor grate, nor fireplace, nor fuel, nor light therein. But I will not dwell upon these things. We really did not mind them, for when we thought of the thousands of men, women, and tender babes huddled together in Lincoln Park, seven miles to the north of us, with no prospect of food, exposed to rain, if it should come, with no canopy but the driving smoke of their homes, we thought how little we had suffered.

THE OVERTHROW OF THE TWEED RING

(1870)

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS[1]

In the summer of 1870 proof was published of vast frauds by leading city officials, prominent among them "Boss" William M. Tweed, who, in the language of Judge Noah Davis, "saw fit to pervert the powers with which he was clothed, in a manner more infamous, more outrageous, than any instance of a like character which the history of the civilized world afforded."

William Marcy Tweed was born in 1823, at 24 Cherry Street, New York City. A youth devoted to business made him a fair penman and an adept reckoner, but not a business man. He, indeed, once attempted business, but, as he gave his chief attention to speculation, gambling and ward politics, completely failed, so that he seems forever to have renounced legitimate money-making. As a volunteer fireman, known as "Big Six," a gross, licentious Falstaff of real life, albeit loyal and helpful to his friends, Tweed led the "Roughs," being opposed by his more decent fellows, the "Quills." The tide of "respectability," receding uptown, left Tweed's ward in the hands of poor

[1] From Andrews's "History of the Last Quarter-Century of the United States, 1780-1895." By permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyright, 1895, 1896.

immigrants or the sons of such, who became partly his willing accomplices, partly his unwitting tools, in his onslaughts upon taxpayers. He began these forays at twenty-seven, as Alderman, suspended them for a time in Congress, resumed them in 1857 as Public School Commissioner, continued and enlarged them as member and four times president of the Board of Supervisors, and brought them to a climax as a functionary of the Street Department. He thus became, in time, the central sun in the system of brilliant luminaries known as the "Tweed Ring."

The multitudinous officials of the city were the Ring's slaves. At one time eight hundred policemen stood guard to prevent a hostile majority in Tammany Hall itself from meeting. The thugs of the city, nicknamed "Tweed's lambs," rendered invaluable services at caucus and convention. Two days before election these venal cohorts would assemble in the 340 election districts, each man of them being listed and registered under several assumed names and addresses. From Tweed's house in 1868 six registered, from Justice Shandley's nine, from the Coroner's thirteen. A State Senator's house was put down as the home of thirty voters. One Alderman's residence nominally housed twenty, another's twenty-five, an Assemblyman's fifteen. And so it went. Bales of fictitious naturalization papers were secured. One year 105,000 blank applications and 69,000 certificates were ordered printed. In one case thirteen men, in another fifteen, were naturalized in five minutes. The new citizens "put in" election day following their leaders from polling-place to polling-place as needed.

When thieves could be kept in power by such means plunder was easy and brazen. Contractors on public works were systematically forced to pay handsome bonuses to the Ring. One of them testified: "When I commenced building I asked Tweed how to make out the bills, and he said, 'Have fifteen per cent. over.' I asked what that was for, and he said, 'Give that to me and I will take care of your bills.' I handed him the percentage after that." Innumerable methods of fraud were successfully tried. During the year 1863 the expenditures of the Street Department were $650,000. Within four years Tweed quadrupled them. A species of asphalt paving, dubbed "Fisk's poultice," so bad that a grand jury actually declared it a public nuisance, was laid in great quantities at vast cost to the city. Official advertising was doled to twenty-six daily and fifty-four weekly sheets, of which twenty-seven vanished on its withdrawal. But all the other robber enterprises paled before the city Court House job. This structure, commenced in 1868, under stipulation that it should not cost more than $250,000, was in 1871 still unfinished after an outlay of $8,000,000, four times as much as was spent on Parliament House in London. Its ostensible cost, at least, was not less than $12,000,000. As by witchcraft the city's debt was in two years more than doubled. The Ring's operations cheated the city's taxpayers, first and last, out of no less than $160,000,000, "or four times the fine levied on Paris by the German army." Tho wallowing in lucre, and prodigal withal, Tweed was yet insatiably greedy. "His hands were everywhere, and everywhere they were feeling for money." In 1871 he boasted

of being worth $20,000,000, and vowed soon to be as rich as Vanderbilt.

With his coarse nature the Boss reveled in jibes made at the expense of his honor. He used gleefully to show his friends the safe where he kept money for bribing legislators, finding those of the "Tammany Republican" stripe easiest game. Of the contractor who was decorating his country place at Greenwich he inquired, pointing to a statue, "Who the hell is that?" "That is Mercury, the god of merchants and thieves," was the reply. "That's bully!" said Tweed. "Put him over the front door." His donation of $100 for an altar cloth in the Greenwich Methodist Church the trustees sent back, declaring that they wanted none of his stolen money. Other charitable gifts of his were better received.

The city papers, even those least corruptible, were for long either neutral or else favorable to the Ring, but its doings were by no means unknown. They were matters of general surmise and criticism, criticism that seemed hopeless, so hard was it to obtain exact evidence.

But pride goeth before a fall. Amid its greatest triumph the Ring sowed the wind whence rose the whirlwind which wrought its ruin. At a secret meeting held in the house of John Morrissey, pugilist member of Congress, certain of the unsatisfied, soon known as the "Young Democracy," planned a revolt. Endeavoring to prevent the grant by the New York Legislature of a new charter which the Ring sought, the insurgents met apparent defeat, which, however, ultimately proved victory, Tweed building for himself far worse than he knew. The new charter, abstractly good,

in concentrating power concentrated responsibility also, showing the outraged people, when awakened, where to strike for liberty. In spite of whitewashing by prominent citizens, of blandishments and bulldozing, of attempts to buy the stock of the *Times* and to boycott *Harper's Weekly*, where Nast's cartoons—his first work of the kind—gave the Ring international notoriety, the reform spirit proved irresistible. The bar had been servile or quiet, but the New York Bar Association was now formed, which at once became what it has ever since been, a most influential censor of the bench. The Young Democracy grew powerful. Public-spirited citizens organized a Council of Political Reform.

The occasion of conclusive exposure was trivial enough. Sheriff O'Brien was refused part of what he thought his share of the sheriff fees. An expert accountant in the Comptroller's office supplied him with damning evidence against the Ring. On July 18, 1871, Mr. O'Brien walked into the *Times* office and, handing the editor a bundle of documents, said, "There are all the figures; you can do with them just what you please." The figures were published on the 20th in an exhibit printed in English and German, causing excitement compared with which that arising from the Orange Riot of July 12th seemed trifling. The sensation did not end with talk. On September 4th a mass-meeting of citizens was held at Cooper Institute and a committee of seventy prominent men chosen to probe the frauds and to punish the perpetrators. For the work of prosecution the Attorney-General appointed Charles O'Conor, who associated with himself the ablest counsel. Sam-

uel J. Tilden was conspicuously active in the prosecution, thus laying the foundation for that popularity which made him the Governor of New York, 1875-'77, and in 1876 the Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

On October 28, 1871, Tweed was arrested and gave a million dollars' bail. In November, the same year, he was elected to the State Senate, but did not take his seat. On December 16th he was again arrested, and released on $5,000 bail. The jury disagreed on the first suit, but on the second he was convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of $12,500 and to suffer twelve years' imprisonment. This sentence was set aside by the Court of Appeals and Tweed's discharge ordered. In the meantime other suits had been brought, among them one to recover $6,000,000. Failing to find bail for $3,000,000, he was sent to the Ludlow Street Jail. Being allowed to ride in the Park and occasionally to visit his residence, one day in December he escaped from his keepers. After hiding for several months he succeeded in reaching Cuba.

A fisherman found him, sunburnt and weary but not homesick, and led him to Santiago. Instead of taking him to a hotel, Tweed's guide handed him over to the police as probably some American filibuster come to free Cuba. The American consul procured his release (his passports had been given him under an assumed name), but later found him out. The discovery was too late, for he had again escaped and embarked for Spain, thinking there to be at rest, as we then had no extradition treaty with that country. Landing at Vigo, he found the governor of the

place with police waiting for him, and was soon homeward bound on an American war-vessel. Caleb Cushing, our Minister at Madrid, had learned of his departure for that realm, and had put the authorities on their guard. To help them identify their man he furnished them a caricature by Nast, representing Tweed as a Tammany policeman gripping two boys by the hair. Thus it came about that *"Twid antelme"* was apprehended by our peninsular friends as a *child-stealer.* Tho everything possible was done to render him comfortable in jail, Tweed sighed for liberty. He promised, if released, to turn State's evidence and to give up all his property and effects. Some papers suggested that the public pitied the man and would be glad to have him set free. No compromise with him was made, however, and he continued in jail till his death in 1878.

THE "ALABAMA" CLAIMS AND THE GENEVA ARBITRATION

(1866—1872)

BY JAMES G. BLAINE[1]

The Government of the United States had steadily protested during the continuance of the Civil War against the unfriendly and unlawful course of England, and it was determined that compensation should be demanded upon the return of peace. Mr. Adams,[2] under instructions from Secretary Seward, had presented and ably argued the American case. He proposed a friendly arbitration of the *Alabama* claims, but was met by a flat refusal from Earl Russell, who declined on the part of the British Government either to make reparation or compensation, or permit a reference to any foreign State friendly to both parties.

In the autumn succeeding the close of the war, Mr. Seward notified the British Government that no further effort would be made for arbitration, and in the following August (1866) he transmitted a list of individual claims based upon the destruction caused by the *Alabama*. Lord Stanley (the present Earl of Derby) had succeeded Earl

[1] From Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress." By permission of Mrs. Walter Damrosch and James G. Blaine, Jr., owners of the copyright. Copyright, 1884.

[2] Charles Francis Adams, the elder, son of John Quincy Adams.

Russell in the Foreign Office, and declined to recognize the claims of this Government in as decisive a tone as that employed by Earl Russell. Of opposite parties, Earl Russell and Lord Stanley were supposed to represent the aggregate, if not indeed the unanimous, public opinion of England; so that the refusal to accede to the demands of the United States was popularly accepted as conclusive. Mr. Adams retired from his mission, in which his services to the country had been zealous and useful, without effecting the negotiations which he had urged upon the attention of the British Government. He took his formal leave in May, 1868, and was succeeded the following month by Mr. Reverdy Johnson.

The new Minister carried with him the respect and confidence of his fellow citizens. Appointed directly after the Impeachment trial of President Johnson, he was among the few statesmen of the Democratic party who could have secured the ready confirmation of the Senate for a mission which demanded in its incumbent a talent for diplomacy and a thorough knowledge of international law. The only objection seriously mentioned at the time against Mr. Johnson's appointment was the fact that he was in his seventy-third year, and might not therefore be equal to the exacting duties which his mission involved.

Before Mr. Johnson could open his negotiation, the British Minister was changed—Mr. Disraeli giving way to Mr. Gladstone as Premier, and Lord Stanley being succeeded by Lord Clarendon as Minister of Foreign Affairs. With the latter Mr. Johnson very promptly agreed upon a treaty, which reached the United States in the month of

February, 1869. It purported to be a settlement of the questions in dispute between the two countries. There was great curiosity to learn its provisions. Much was hoped from it, because it was known to have been approved by Mr. Seward at the various stages of the negotiation—a constant and confidential correspondence having been maintained by cable, between the State Department and the American Legation in London, on every phase of the treaty.

Mr. Seward had earned approbation so hearty and general by his diplomatic correspondence with Great Britain during the war and in the years immediately succeeding, that no one was prepared for the disappointment and chagrin experienced in the United States when the Johnson-Clarendon treaty was made public. It gave almost personal offense to the mass of people in the loyal States. It overlooked, and yet by cunning phrase condoned, every unfriendly act of England during our Civil War. It affected to class the injuries inflicted upon the nation as mere private claims, to be offset by private claims of British subjects—the whole to be referred to a joint commission, after the ordinary and constantly recurring method of adjusting claims of private individuals that may have become matter of diplomatic interposition. . . .

Mr. Johnson and Lord Clarendon had concluded a treaty which practically admitted that the complaints of the United States, as a government, against the conduct of Great Britain, as a government, had been mere rant and bravado on the part of the United States, and were not to be insisted on before any international tribunal, but to be

merged in an ordinary claims convention, by whose award a certain amount in dollars and cents might be paid to American claimants and a certain amount in pounds, shillings, and pence might be paid to British claimants. The text of the treaty did not indicate in any manner whatever that either nation was more at fault than the other touching the matters to be arbitrated.

The treaty had short life in the Senate. The Committee on Foreign Relations, after examination of its provisions, reported that it should "be rejected." Mr. Sumner, who made the report, said it was the first time since he had entered the Senate that such a report had been made concerning any treaty. Amendments, he said, were sometimes suggested, and sometimes a treaty had been reported without any recommendation; but the hostility to the entire spirit and to every detail of the Johnson-Clarendon treaty was so intense that the committee had made the positive recommendation that it be rejected. This action was taken in the month of April, 1869, a few weeks after President Grant had entered upon his office. It was accompanied by a speech from Mr. Sumner, made in executive session, but by direction of the Senate given to the public, in which the reasons for the action of the Senate were stated with great directness, precision and force. . . .

The rejection of the Johnson-Clarendon treaty was formally announced to the British Government through Mr. Motley,[3] who succeeded Mr. Johnson as Minister at London. Mr. Fish,[4] in his letter of instructions, suggested to Mr. Motley the

[3] John Lothrop Motley, the historian.

[4] Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State.

propriety of suspending negotiations for the present on the whole question. At the same time he committed the Government of the United States anew to the maintenance of the claim for national damages, as well as for the losses of individual citizens. And thus the matter was allowed to rest. The United States, tho deeply aggrieved, did not desire to urge the negotiation in a spirit of hostility that implied readiness to go to war upon the issue, and simply trusted that a returning sense of justice in the British Government would lead to a renewal of negotiations and a friendly adjustment of all differences between the two governments.

A year went by and nothing was done. The English Government was not disposed to go a step beyond the provisions of the Johnson-Clarendon treaty, and had indeed been somewhat offended by the promptness with which the Senate had rejected that agreement, especially by the emphasis which the speech of Mr. Sumner had given to the Senate's action. President Grant remained altogether patient and composed—feeling that postponement could not be a loss to the American Government, and would certainly prove no gain to the British Government. In his annual message to Congress of December, 1870, he assumed a position which proved embarrassing to England. He recognized the fact that "the Cabinet at London does not appear willing to concede that her Majesty's Government was guilty of any negligence, or did or permitted any act of which the United States has just cause of complaint;" and he reasserted with great deliberation and emphasis that "our firm and unalterable convictions are directly the reverse."

The President therefore recommended that Congress should "authorize the appointment of a commission to take proof of the amounts and the ownership of these several claims, on notice to the representative of her Majesty at Washington, and that authority be given for the settlement of these claims by the United States, so that the Government shall have the ownership of the private claims, as well as the responsible control of all the demands against Great Britain."

President Grant was evidently resolved that the Government of the United States should not allow the pressing need of private claimants to operate in any degree upon public opinion in the United States, so as to create a demand for settlement with England on any basis below that which national dignity required. He felt assured that Congress would respond favorably to his recommendation, and that with the individual claimants satisfied our Government could afford to wait the course of events. This position convinced the British Government that the President intended to raise the question in all its phases above the grade of private claims, and to make it purely an international affair. No more effective step could have been taken; and the President and his adviser, Secretary Fish, are entitled to the highest credit for thus elevating the character of the issue—an issue made all the more impressive from the quiet manner in which it was presented, and from the characteristic coolness and determination of the Chief Magistrate who stood behind it.

Meanwhile the sanguinary war between Germany and France had broken out, and was still flagrant when President Grant's recommendation

for paying the *Alabama* claims from the National Treasury was sent to Congress. Tho the foreign conflict terminated without involving other nations, it forcibly reminded England of the situation in which she might be placed if she should be drawn into a European war, the United States being a neutral power. It would certainly be an unjust imputation upon the magnanimity and upon the courage of the people of the United States to represent them as waiting for an opportunity to inflict harm upon England for her conduct toward this Government in the hour of its calamity and its distress. It was not by indirection, or by stealthy blows, or by secret connivance with enemies, or by violations of international justice, that the United States would ever have sought to avenge herself on England for the wrongs she had received. If there had been a disposition among the American people impelling them to that course, it would assuredly have impelled them much farther.

But England was evidently aprehensive that if she should become involved in war, the United States would, as a neutral power, follow the precedent which the English Government had set in the war of the rebellion, and in this way inflict almost irreparable damage upon British shipping and British commerce. Piratical *Alabamas* might escape from the harbors and rivers of the United States, as easily as they had escaped from the harbors and rivers of England; and she might well fear that if a period of calamity should come to her, the people of the United States, with the neglect or connivance of their Government, would be as quick to add to her distress and embarrass-

ment as the people of England, with the neglect or connivance of their Government, had added to the distress and embarrassment of the United States. Conscience does make cowards of us all; and Great Britain, foreseeing the possibility of being herself engaged in a European war, was in a position to dread lest her ill intentions and her misdeeds in the time of our civil struggle should return to plague her.

These facts and apprehensions seem to have wrought a great change in the disposition of the British Government, and led them to seek a reopening of the negotiation. In an apparently unofficial way Sir John Rose, a London banker (associated in business with Honorable L. P. Morton,[5] a well-known banker and distinguished citizen of New York), came to this country on a secret mission early in January, 1871. President Grant's message had made a profound impression in London, the Franco-Prussian war had not yet ended, and her Majesty's ministers had reason to fear trouble with the Russian Government. Sir John's duty was to ascertain in an informal way the feeling of the American Government in regard to pending controversies between the two countries. He showed himself as clever in diplomacy as he was in finance, and important results followed in an incredibly short space of time. An understanding was reached, which on the surface exprest itself in a seemingly casual letter from Sir Edward Thornton to Secretary Fish of the 26th of January, 1871, communicating certain instructions from Lord Granville in regard to a bet-

[5] Levi P. Morton, afterward Governor of New York, and Vice-President. He is still living (December, 1911).

ter adjustment of the fishery question and all other matters affecting the relations of the United States to the British North American possessions. To settle this question Sir Edward was authorized by his government to propose the creation of a Joint High Commission, the members to be named by each government, which should meet in Washington and discuss the question of the fisheries and the relations of the United States to her Majesty's possessions in North America.

Mr. Fish replied in a tone which indicated that Sir Edward was really serious in his proposition to organize so imposing a tribunal to discuss the fishery question. He informed Sir Edward that "in the opinion of the President the removal of differences which arose during the rebellion in the United States, and which have existed since then, growing out of the acts committed by several vessels, which have given rise to the claims generally known as the *Alabama* Claims, will also be essential to the restoration of cordial and amicable relations between the two governments." Sir Edward waited just long enough to hear from Lord Granville by cable, and on the day after the receipt of Mr. Fish's note assented in writing to his suggestion, adding a request that "all other claims of the citizens of either country, arising out of the acts committed during the recent Civil War in the United States, might be taken into consideration by the Commission." To this Mr. Fish readily assented in turn.

The question which for six years had been treated with easy indifference if not with contempt by the British Foreign Office had in a day become exigent and urgent, and the diplomatic details

which ordinarily would have required months to adjust were now settled by cable in an hour. The first proposal for a Joint High Commission was made by Sir Edward Thornton on the 26th of January, 1871; and the course of events was so rapid that in twenty-seven days thereafter the British Commissioners landed in New York en route to Washington. They sailed without their commissions, which were signed by the Queen at the castle of Windsor on the sixteenth day of February and forwarded to them by special messenger. This was extraordinary and almost undignified haste, altho unusual with plenipotentiaries of Great Britain. It was laughingly said at the time that the Commissioners were dispatched from London "so hurriedly that they came with portmanteaus, leaving their servants behind to pack their trunks and follow." For this change of view in the British Cabinet and this courier-like speed among British diplomatists, there was a double cause—the warning of the Franco-Prussian war, and President Grant's proposition to pay the *Alabama* claims from the Treasury of the United States—and wait. Assuredly the President did not wait long!

The gentlemen constituting the Joint High Commission were well known in their respective countries, and enjoyed the fullest measure of public confidence, thus insuring in advance the acceptance of whatever settlement they might agree upon.[6] The result of their deliberations was the

[6] The commissioners on behalf of Great Britain were the Earl de Grey and Ripon, President of the Queen's Counsel; Sir Stafford Northcote, late Chancellor of the Exchequer; Sir Edward Thornton, British Minister at Washington; Sir

Treaty of Washington, concluded on the 8th day of May, 1871. It took cognizance of the four questions at issue between the two countries, and provided for the settlement of each. The *Alabama* claims were to be adjusted by a commission to meet at Geneva, in Switzerland; all other claims for loss or damage of any kind, between 1861 and 1865, by subjects of Great Britain or citizens of the United States, were to be adjusted by a commission to meet in Washington; the San Juan question was to be referred for settlement to the Emperor of Germany, as umpire; and the dispute in regard to the fisheries was to be settled by a commission to meet at Halifax, Nova Scotia.

The basis for adjusting the *Alabama* claims was promptly agreed upon. This question stood in the forefront of the treaty, taking its proper rank as the principal dispute between the two countries. Her Britannic Majesty had authorized her high commissioners and plenipotentiaries "to express in a friendly spirit the regret felt by her Majesty's Government for the escape, under whatever circumstances, of the *Alabama* and other vessels from British ports, and for the depredations committed by those vessels." And with the expression of this regret her Britannic Majesty agreed,

John Macdonald, Premier of the Dominion of Canada; and Montague Bernard, Professor of International Law in the University of Oxford. On the part of the United States the commissioners were Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State; Robert C. Schenck, who had just been appointed Minister to Great Britain; Samuel Nelson, Justice of the Supreme Court; E. Rockwood Hoar, late Attorney-General; and George H. Williams, late Senator of the United States from Oregon. The secretaries were Lord Tenterden, Under Secretary of the British Foreign Office, and J. C. Bancroft Davis, Assistant Secretary of State of the United States.

through her commissioners, that all the claims growing out of acts committed by the aforesaid vessels, and generally known as the *Alabama* claims, "shall be referred to a tribunal of arbitration, to be composed of five arbitrators—one to be named by the President of the United States, one by the Queen of England, one by the King of Italy, one by the president of the Swiss Confederation, and one by the Emperor of Brazil." This was a great step beyond the Johnson-Clarendon treaty, which did not in any way concede the responsibility of England to the Government of the United States. It was a still greater step beyond the flat refusal, first of Earl Russell and then of Lord Stanley, to refer the claims to the ruler of a friendly state.

But England was willing to go still farther. She agreed that "in deciding the matters submitted to the arbitrators, they shall be governed by three rules, which are agreed upon by the high contracting parties as rules to be taken as applicable to the case; and by such principles of international law, not inconsistent therewith, as the arbitrators shall determine to have been applicable to the case.[7] Her Britannic Majesty had com-

[7] The following are the three rules agreed upon:

"A neutral government is bound—

"First, to use due diligence to prevent the fitting out, arming, or equipping, within its jurisdiction, of any vessel which it has reasonable ground to believe is intended to cruise or to carry on war against a power with which it is at peace; and also to use like diligence to prevent the departure from its jurisdiction of any vessel intended to cruise or carry on war as above, such vessel having been specially adapted, in whole or in part, within such jurisdiction, to warlike use.

"Secondly, not to permit or suffer either belligerent to

manded her High Commissioners to declare that "Her Majesty's Government cannot assent to these rules as a statement of the principles of international law which were in force at the time when the claims arose; but that her Majesty's Government, in order to evince its desire of strengthening the friendly relations between the two countries, and of making satisfactory provision for the future, agrees that in deciding the questions between the two countries arising out of those claims, the arbitrators shall assume that her Majesty's Government had undertaken to act upon the principles set forth in these rules."

Her Majesty's Government had needlessly lost six years in coming to a settlement which was entirely satisfactory to the Government and people of the United States. Indeed a settlement at the close of the war could have been made with even less concession on the part of Great Britain, and perhaps if it had been longer postponed the demands of the Government of the United States might have increased. Wars have grown out of less aggravation and dispute between nations; but the Government of the United States had never anticipated such a result as possible, and felt assured that in the end Great Britain would not refuse to make the reparation honorably due.

The arbitrators met in the ensuing December at Geneva, Switzerland, and after a hearing of nine

make use of its ports or waters as the base of naval operations against the other; or for the purpose of the renewal or augmentation of military supplies or arms, or the recruitment of men.

"Thirdly, to exercise due diligence in its own ports and waters, and, as to all persons within its jurisdiction, to prevent any violation of the foregoing obligations and duties."

months agreed upon an award, made public on the 14th of September, 1872. The judgment was that "the sum of $15,500,000 in gold be paid by Great Britain to the United States for the satisfaction of all the claims referred to the consideration of the tribunal." Sir Alexander Cockburn, the British Commissioner, dissented in a somewhat ungracious manner from the judgment of his associates; but as the majority had been specially empowered to make an award, the refusal of England's representative to join in it did not in the least degree affect its validity.[8] . . .

Following the provision for arbitration of the *Alabama* claims, the Treaty of Washington provided for a commission to adjust "all claims on the part of corporations, companies or private individuals, citizens of the United States, upon the government of her Britannic Majesty; and on the part of corporations, companies or private individuals, subjects of her Britannic Majesty, upon the Government of the United States." These were claims arising out of acts committed against the persons or property of citizens of either country by the other, during the period between the 13th of April, 1861, and the 9th of April, 1865, inclusive—being simply the damages inflicted during the war. The tribunal to which all such claims were referred was constituted of three commis-

[8] The arbitrators who met at Geneva were as follows: Great Britain appointed Sir Alexander Cockburn; the United States appointed Mr. Charles Francis Adams; the King of Italy named Count Frederick Sclopis; the President of the Swiss Confederation named Mr. Jacob Stæmpfli; the Emperor of Brazil named the Baron d'Itajubá. Mr. J. C. Bancroft Davis was appointed Agent of the United States; and Lord Tenterden was the Agent of Great Britain.

sioners; one to be named by the President of the United States, one by her Britannic Majesty, and the third by the two conjointly.

The commission was organized at Washington on the 26th of September, 1871, and made its final award at Newport, Rhode Island, on the 25th of September, 1873. The claims presented by American citizens before the commission were only nineteen in number, amounting in the aggregate to a little less than a million of dollars. These claims were all rejected by the commission—no responsibility of the British Government having been established. The subjects of her Majesty presented 478 claims which, with interest reckoned by the rule allowed by the commission, amounted to $96,000,000. Of this number 181 awards were made in favor of the claimants, amounting in the aggregate to $1,929,819, or only two per cent. of the amount claimed. The amount awarded was appropriated by Congress and paid by the United States to the British Government. All claims accruing between 1861 and 1865 for injuries resulting in any way from the war were thereafter barred.[9]

[9] The commissioners were the following: Right Hon. Russell Gurney, M.P., English Commissioner; Hon. James S. Fraser, of Indiana, Commissioner for the United States; Count Louis Corti (Minister from Italy to the United States), third Commissioner. Hon. Robert S. Hale, of the bar of New York and a representative in Congress, was appointed Agent of the United States; and Mr. Henry Howard, one of the British secretaries of legation in Washington, was Agent of Her Majesty's Government.

THE GREELEY CAMPAIGN

(1872)

BY JAMES G. BLAINE[1]

With Grant and Greeley fairly in the field, the country entered upon a remarkable contest. At the beginning of the picturesque and emotional "log cabin canvass of 1840," Mr. Van Buren, with his keen insight into popular movements, had said, in somewhat mixed metaphor, that it would be "either a farce or a tornado." The present canvass gave promise on different grounds of similar alternatives. General Grant had been tried, and with him the country knew what to expect. Mr. Greeley had not been tried, and tho the best known man in his own field of journalism, he was the least known and most doubted in the field of governmental administration. No other candidate could have presented such an antithesis of strength and of weakness. He was the ablest polemic this country has ever produced. His command of strong, idiomatic, controversial English was unrivaled. His faculty of lucid statement and compact reasoning has never been surpassed. Without the graces of fancy or the arts of rhetoric, he was incomparable in direct, pungent, forceful discussion. A keen observer and an omniverous reader, he had acquired an immense fund of varied

[1] From Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress." By permission of Mrs. Walter Damrosch and James G. Blaine, Jr., owners of the copyright. Copyright, 1884.

knowledge, and he marshaled facts with singular skill and aptness.

In an era remarkable for strong editors in the New York press—embracing Raymond of the *Times,* the elder Bennett of the *Herald,* Watson Webb of the *Courier-Enquirer,* William Cullen Bryant of the *Evening Post,* with Thurlow Weed and Edwin Crosswell in the rival journals at Albany—Mr. Greeley easily surpassed them all. His mind was original, creative, incessantly active. His industry was as unwearying as his fertility was inexhaustible. Great as was his intellectual power, his chief strength came from the depth and earnestness of his moral convictions. In the long and arduous battle against the aggressions of slavery, he had been sleepless and untiring in rousing and quickening the public conscience. He was keenly alive to the distinctions of right and wrong, and his philanthropy responded to every call of humanity. His sympathies were equally touched by the sufferings of the famine-stricken Irish and by the wrongs of the plundered Indians.

Next to Henry Clay, whose ardent disciple he was, he had done more than any other man to educate his countrymen in the American system of protection to home industry. He had on all occasions zealously defended the rights of labor; he had waged unsparing war on the evils of intemperance; he had made himself an oracle with the American farmers; and his influence was even more potent in the remote prairie homes than within the shadow of Printing-House Square. With his dogmatic earnestness, his extraordinary mental qualities, his moral power, and his quick sympathy with the instincts and impulses of the

masses, he was in a peculiar sense the Tribune of the people. In any reckoning of the personal forces of the century, Horace Greeley must be counted among the foremost—intellectually and morally.

When he left the fields of labor in which he had become illustrious, to pass the ordeal of a Presidential candidate, the opposite and weaker sides of his character and career were brought into view. He was headstrong, impulsive, and opinionated. If he had the strength of a giant in battle, he lacked the wisdom of the sage in council. If he was irresistible in his own appropriate sphere of moral and economic discussion, he was uncertain and unstable when he ventured beyond its limits. He was a powerful agitator and a matchless leader of debate, rather than a master of government.

Those who most admired his honesty, courage, and power in the realm of his true greatness, most distrusted his fitness to hold the reins of administration. He had in critical periods evinced a want both of firmness and of sagacity. When the Southern States were on the eve of secession and the temper of the country was on trial, he had, tho with honest intentions, shown signs of irresolution and vacillation. When he was betrayed into the ill-advised and abortive peace negotiations with Southern commissioners at Niagara, he had displayed the lack of tact and penetration which made the people doubt the solidity and coolness of his judgment. His method of dealing with the most intricate problems of finance seemed experimental and rash. The sensitive interests of business shrank from his visionary theories and his dangerous empiricism. His earlier affiliation with

novel and doubtful social schemes had laid him open to the reproach of being called a man of *isms*.

Mr. Greeley had moreover weakened himself by showing a singular thirst for public office. It is strange that one who held a commanding station, and who wielded an unequaled influence, should have been ambitious for the smaller honors of public life. But Mr. Greeley had craved even minor offices, from which he could have derived no distinction, and, in his own phrase, had dissolved the firm of Seward, Weed, and Greeley because, as he conceived, his claims to official promotion were not fairly recognized. This known aspiration added to the reasons which discredited his unnatural alliance with the Democracy.[2] His personal characteristics, always marked, were exaggerated and distorted in the portraitures drawn by his adversaries. All adverse considerations were brought to bear with irresistible effect as the canvass proceeded, and his splendid services and undeniable greatness could not weigh in the scale against the political elements and personal disqualifications with which his Presidential candidacy was identified.

The political agitation became general in the country as early as July. Senator Conkling inaugurated the Grant campaign in New York with an elaborate and comprehensive review of the personal and public issues on trial. Senator Sherman and other leading speakers took the field with equal promptness. On the opposite side, Senator Sumner, who had sought in May to challenge and

[2] Greeley was the candidate of the newly-formed Liberal Republican party and was endorsed by the Democrats.

prevent the renomination of General Grant by concentrating in one massive broadside all that could be suggested against him, now appeared in a public letter advising the colored people to vote for Greeley. Mr. Blaine replied in a letter pointing out that Mr. Greeley, in denying the power of the General Government to interpose, had committed himself to a policy which left the colored people without protection.

The September elections had ordinarily given the earliest indication in presidential campaigns; but circumstances conspired this year to make the North Carolina election, which was held on the 1st of August, the preliminary test of popular feeling. The earliest returns from North Carolina, coming from the eastern part of the State, were favorable to the partizans of Mr. Greeley. They claimed a decided victory, and were highly elated. The returns from the western and mountain counties, which were not all received for several days, reversed the first reports, and established a Republican success.

This change produced a reaction, and set the tide in the opposite direction. From this hour the popular current was clearly with the Republicans. The September elections in Vermont and Maine resulted in more than the average Republican majorities, and demonstrated that Mr. Greeley's candidacy had not broken the lines of the party. Early in that month a body of Democrats, who declined to accept Mr. Greeley, and who called themselves "Straightouts," held a convention at Louisville, and nominated Charles O'Connor for President and John Quincy Adams for Vice-President. The ticket received a small number of votes

in many States, but did not become an important factor in the national struggle.

In anticipation of the October elections Mr. Greeley made an extended tour through Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, addressing great masses of people every day and many times a day during a period of two weeks. His speeches, while chiefly devoted to his view of the duty and policy of pacification, discust many questions and many phases of the chief question. They were varied, forcible, and well considered. They presented his case with an ability which could not be exceeded, and they added to the general estimate of his intellectual faculties and resources. He called out a larger proportion of those who intended to vote against him than any candidate had ever before succeeded in doing. His name had been honored for so many years in every Republican household, that the desire to see and hear him was universal, and secured to him the majesty of numbers at every meeting. So great indeed was the general demonstration of interest, that a degree of uneasiness was created at Republican headquarters as to the ultimate effect of his tour.

The State contests had been strongly organized on both sides at the decisive points. In New York the Democrats nominated Francis Kernan for Governor—a man of spotless character and great popularity. The Republicans selected General John A. Dix as the rival candidate, on the earnest suggestion of Thurlow Weed, whose sagacity in regard to the strength of political leaders was rarely at fault. General Dix was in his seventy-fifth year, but was fresh and vigorous both in body and mind. In Indiana the leading Democrat,

Thomas A. Hendricks, accepted the gubernatorial nomination and the leadership of his party against General Thomas M. Browne, a popular Republican and a strong man on the stump. Pennsylvania was the scene of a peculiarly bitter and angry conflict. General Hartranft, the Republican candidate for Governor, had been Auditor-General of the State, and his administration of the office was bitterly assailed. The old factional differences in the State now entered into the antagonism, and he was strenuously fought by an element of his own party under the inspiration of Colonel Forney, who, while professedly supporting Grant, threw all the force of the Philadelphia *Press* into the warfare against Hartranft.

This violent opposition encouraged the partizans of Mr. Greeley with the hope that they might secure the prestige of victory over the Republicans in Pennsylvania, whose October verdicts had always proved an unerring index to presidential elections. But they were doomed to disappointment. The people saw that the charges against General Hartranft were not only unfounded but malicious, and he was chosen Governor by more than 35,000 majority. Ohio gave a Republican majority on the same day of more than 14,000; and tho Mr. Hendricks carried Indiana by 1,148, this narrow margin for the strongest Democrat in the State was accepted as confirming the sure indications in the other States.

The defeat of Mr. Greeley and the reelection of General Grant were now, in the popular belief, assured. The result was the most decisive, in the popular vote, of any presidential election since the unopposed choice of Monroe in 1820; and on the

electoral vote the only contests so one-sided were in the election of Pierce in 1852, and the second election of Lincoln in 1864, when the States in rebellion did not participate. The majorities were unprecedented. General Grant carried Pennsylvania by 137,548, New York by 53,455, Illinois by 57,006, Iowa by 60,370, Massachusetts by 74,212, Michigan by 60,100, Ohio by 37,501, and Indiana by 22,515. Several of the Southern States presented figures of similar proportion. . . .

The political disaster to Mr. Greeley was followed by a startling and melancholy conclusion. He was called during the last days of the canvass to the bedside of his dying wife, whom he buried before the day of election. Despite this sorrow and despite the defeat, which, in separating him from his old associates, was more than an ordinary political reverse, he promptly returned with unshaken resolve and intrepid spirit to the editorship of the *Tribune*—the true sphere of his influence, the field of his real conquests. But the strain through which he had passed, following years of incessant care and labor, had broken his vigorous constitution. His physical strength was completely underminded, his superb intellectual powers gave way. Before the expiration of the month which witnessed his crushing defeat he had gone to his rest. The controversies which had so recently divided the country were hushed in the presence of death; and all the people, remembering only his noble impulses, his great work for humanity, his broad impress upon the age, united in honoring and mourning one of the most remarkable men in American history.

THE PANIC OF 1873

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS[1]

The panic of 1873, so far as it resulted from contraction, had its main origin abroad, not in America, so that its subordinate causes were generally looked upon as its sole occasion; yet these bye causes were important. The shocking destruction of wealth by fires and by reckless speculation, of course, had a baneful effect. During 1872 the balance of trade was strongly against the United States. The circulation of depreciated paper money had brought to many an apparent prosperity which was not real, leading to the free creation of debts by individuals, corporations, towns, cities, and States. An unprecedented mileage of railways had been constructed. Much supposed wealth consisted in the bonds of these railroads and of other new concerns, like mining and manufacturing corporations. Thus the entire business of the country was on a basis of inflation, and when contraction came disaster was inevitable.

In the course of the summer solid values began to be hoarded and interest rates consequently to rise. In August there was a partial corner in gold, broken by a government sale of $6,000,000. In September panic came, with suspension of several large banking-houses in New York. Jay Cooke & Co., who had invested heavily in the con-

[1] From Andrews's "History of the Last Quarter-Century of the United States." By permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyright, 1895, 1896.

struction of the Northern Pacific Railway, suspended on September 18th. When authoritative news of this event was made known in the Stock Exchange a perfect stampede of the brokers ensued. They surged out of the Exchange, tumbling pell-mell over each other in the general confusion, hastening to notify their respective houses. Next day, September 19th, Fiske & Hatch, very conservative people, went down.

September 19th was a second Black Friday. Never since the original Black Friday had the street and the Stock Exchange been so frantic. The weather, dark and rainy, seemed to sympathize with the gloom which clouded the financial situation. Wall, Broad and Nassau streets were thronged with people. From the corner of Wall Street and Broadway down to the corner of Hanover Street a solid mass of men filled both sidewalks. From the post-office along Nassau Street down Broad Street to Exchange Place another dense throng moved slowly, aimlessly, hither and thither. Sections of Broadway itself were packed. Weaving in and out like the shuttles in a loom were brokers and brokers' clerks making the best speed they could from point to point. All faces wore a bewildered and foreboding look. To help them seem cool, moneyed men talked about the weather, but their incoherent words and nervous motions betrayed their anxiety. The part of Wall Street at the corner of Broad Street held a specially interested mass of men. They seemed like an assemblage anxiously awaiting the appearance of a great spectacle. High up on the stone balustrade of the Sub-Treasury were numerous spectators, umbrellas sheltering them from the pelting

rain as they gazed with rapt attention on the scene below. All the brokers' officers were filled. In each, at the first click of the indicator, everybody present was breathless, showing an interest more and more intense as the figures telegraphed were read off.

It was half-past ten in the morning when the Fiske & Hatch failure was announced in the Stock Exchange. For a moment there was silence; then a hoarse murmur broke out from bulls and bears alike, followed by yells and cries indescribable, clearly audible on the street. Even the heartless bear, in glee over the havoc he was making, paused to utter a growl of sorrow that gentlemen so honorable should become ursine prey. The news of the failure ran like a prairie fire, spreading dismay that showed itself on all faces. Annotators of values in the various offices made known in doleful ticks the depreciation of stocks and securities. Old habitués of the exchanges, each usually placid as a moonlit lake, were wrought up till they acted like wild men.

At the corner of Broad Street and Exchange Place a delirious crowd of money-lenders and borrowers collected and tried to fix a rate for loans. The matter hung in the balance for some time until the extent of the panic became known. They bid until the price of money touched one-half of one per cent. a day and legal interest. One man, after lending $30,000 at three-eighths per cent., said that he had $20,000 left, but that he thought he would not lend it. As he said this he turned toward his office, but was immediately surrounded by about twenty borrowers who hung on to his arms till he had agreed to lend the $20,000.

The Stock Exchange witnessed the chief tragedy and the chief farce of the day. Such tumult, push and bellowing had never been known there even in the wildest moments of the war. The interior of the Exchange was of noble altitude, with a vaulted top, brilliantly colored in Renaissance design that sprang upward with a strength and grace seldom so happily united. A cluster of gas-jets, hanging high, well illuminated the enclosure. On the capacious floor, unobstructed by pillars or by furniture, save one small table whereon a large basket of flowers rested, a mob of brokers and brokers' clerks surged back and forth, filling the immense space above with roars and screams. The floor was portioned off to some twenty different groups. Here was one tossing "New York Central" up and down; near by another playing ball with "Wabash"; "Northwestern" jumped and sank as if afflicted with St. Vitus's dance. In the middle of the floor "Rock Island" cut up similar capers. In a remote corner "Pacific Mail" was beaten with clubs, while "Harlem" rose like a balloon filled with pure hydrogen. The uninitiated expected every instant to see the mob fight. Jobbers squared off at each other and screamed and yelled violently, flinging their arms around and producing a scene which Bedlam itself could not equal.

Behind the raised desk, in snowy shirt-front and necktie, stood the president of the Exchange, his strong tenor voice every now and then ringing out over the Babel of sounds beneath. The gallery opposite him contained an eager throng of spectators bending forward and craning their necks to view the pandemonium on the floor. The rush for this gallery was fearful, and apparently, but

for the utmost effort of the police, must have proved fatal to some. Excitement in Wall Street not infrequently drew crowds to the main front of the Exchange; but hardly ever, if ever before, had the vicinity been so packed as now. Two large blackboards exhibited in chalk figures the incessantly fluctuating quotations. Telegraph wires connected the Exchange with a thousand indicators throughout the city, whence the quotations, big with meaning to many, were flashed over the land.

The first Black Friday was a bull Friday; the second was a bear Friday. Early in the panic powerful brokers began to sell short, and they succeeded in hammering down from ten to forty per cent. many of the finest stocks like "New York Central," "Erie," "Wabash," "Northwestern," "Rock Island," and "Western Union." They then bought to cover their sales. Bull brokers, unable to pay their contracts, shrieked for margin money, which their principals would not or could not put up. They also sought relief from the banks, but in vain. It had long been the practise of certain banks, tho contrary to law, early each day to certify checks to enormous amounts in favor of brokers who had not a cent on deposit to their credit, the understanding in each case being that before three o'clock the broker would hand in enough cash or securities to cancel his debt. The banks now refused this accommodation. In the Exchange, eighteen names were read off of brokers who could not fulfil their contracts. As fast as the failures were announced the news was carried out on the street. In spite of the rain hundreds of people gathered about the offices of fallen reputation, and gazed curiously through the windows,

trying to make out how the broken brokers were behaving. Toward evening, as the clouds lifted over Trinity spire, showing a ruddy flush in the west, everybody, save some reluctant bears, said, "The worst is over," and breathed a sigh of relief. The crowd melted, one by one the tiny little Broadway coupés rattled off, one by one the newsboys ceased shrieking, and night closed over the wet street.

In deference to a general wish that dealings in stocks should cease, the Exchange was shut on Saturday, September 20th, and not opened again till the 30th. Such closure had never occurred before. On Sunday morning President Grant and Secretary Richardson, of the Treasury, came to New York, spending the day in anxious consultation with Vanderbilt, Clews, and other prominent business men.

Had the Secretary of the Treasury acted promptly and firmly he might have relieved the situation much; but he vacillated. Some $13,500,000 in five-twenty bonds were bought, and a few millions of the greenbacks which Secretary McCulloch had called in for cancellation were set free. But as Mr. Richardson announced no policy on which the public could depend, most of the cash let loose was instantly hoarded in vaults or used in the purchase of other bonds then temporarily deprest, so doing nothing whatever to allay the distress. On the 25th the Treasury ceased buying bonds. The person who, at the worst, sustained the market and kept it from breaking to a point where half of the street would have been inevitably ruined, was Jay Gould, mischief itself on the first Black Friday, but on this one a bless-

ing. He bought during the low prices several hundred thousand shares of railroad stocks, principally of the Vanderbilt stripe, and in this way put a check on the ruinous decline.

The national banks of New York weathered this cyclone by a novel device of the Clearing-house or associated banks. They pooled their cash and collaterals into a common fund, placed this in the hands of a trusty committee, and issued against it loan certificates that were receivable at the Clearing-house, just like cash, in payment of debit balances. Ten million dollars' worth of these certificates was issued at first, a sum subsequently doubled. This Clearing-house paper served its purpose admirably. By October 3d confidence was so restored that $1,000,000 of it was called in and canceled, followed next day by $1,500,000 more. None of it was long outstanding. The Clearing-house febrifuge was successfully applied also in Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and other cities, but not in Chicago.

The panic overspread the country. Credit in business was refused, debtors were prest for payment, securities were rushed into the markets and fell greatly in price. Even United States bonds went down from five to ten per cent. There was a run upon savings-banks, many of which succumbed. Manufactured goods were little salable, and the prices of agricultural products painfully sank. Factories began to run on short time, many closed entirely, many corporations failed. The peculiarity of this crisis was the slowness with which it abated, tho fortunately its acute phase was of brief duration. No date could be set as its term, its evil effects dragging on through years.

WHY RECONSTRUCTION FAILED

(1865—1876)

I

THE EVILS WROUGHT IN DAILY LIFE AND IN THE FRANCHISE[1]

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS, SALMON P. CHASE[2] AND JOHN SHERMAN[3]

The method of reconstruction resorted to by Congress occasioned dreadful evils. It ignored the natural prejudices of the whites, many of whom were as loyal as any citizens in the land. To most people in that section, as well as to very many at the North, this dictation by Congress to acknowledged States in time of peace seemed high-handed usurpation. If Congress can do this, it was said, any State can be forced to change its constitution on account of any act which Congress dislikes. This did not necessarily follow, as reconstruction

[1] From Andrews's "History of the Last Quarter-Century of the United States." (1870-1895). By permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyright, 1895, 1896.

[2] Chase had been United States Senator from Ohio, 1849-55; Governor of Ohio, 1856-60; Secretary of the Treasury, 1861-64; and Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, 1864-73.

[3] Sherman, the brother of General William T. Sherman, was first elected to Congress from Ohio in 1855, and served afterward as United States Senator from that State, Secretary of the Treasury, and Secretary of State.

invariably presupposed an abnormal condition, viz., the State's emersion from a rebellion which had involved the State government, whose overthrow, with the rebellion, necessitated Congressional interference. Yet the inference was natural and widely drawn.

Salmon P. Chase in a letter to the Democratic National Committee, in 1873 said: "Congress was wrong in the exclusion from suffrage of certain classes of citizens, and of all unable to take a prescribed retrospective oath, and wrong also in the establishment of arbitrary military governments for the States, and in authorizing military commissions for the trial of civilians in time of peace. There should have been as little military government as possible; no military commissions, no classes excluded from suffrage, and no oath except one of faithful obedience and support to the Constitution and laws, and sincere attachment to the constitutional government of the United States."

John Sherman in his "Recollections" says: "It is a question of grave doubt whether the Fifteenth Amendment, tho right in principle, was wise or expedient. The declared object was to secure impartial suffrage to the negro race. The practical result has been that the wise provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment have been modified by the Fifteenth Amendment. The latter amendment has been practicaly nullified by the action of most of the States where the great body of this race live and will probably always remain. This is done not by an express denial to them of the right of suffrage, but by ingenious provisions, which exclude them on the alleged ground of ignorance, while permitting all of the white race, however ignorant

to vote at all elections. No way is pointed out by which Congress can enforce this amendment.

"If the principle of the Fourteenth Amendment had remained in full force, Congress could have reduced the representation of any State, in the proportion which the number of the male inhabitants of such State, denied the right of suffrage, might bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age, in such State. This simple remedy, easily enforced by Congress, would have secured the right of all persons, without distinction of race or color, to vote at all elections. The reduction of the representation would have deterred every State from excluding the vote of any portion of the male population above twenty-one years of age. As the result of the Fifteenth Amendment, the political power of the States lately in rebellion has been increased, while the population conferring this increase is practically denied all political power. I see no remdy for this wrong, except the growing intelligence of the negro race."

If the South was to become again genuine part and parcel of this Union, it would not, nor would the North consent that it should, remain permanently under military government. Black legislatures abused their power, becoming instruments of carpet-bag leaders and rings in robbing white property-holders. Only doctrinaries or the stupid could have expected that the whites would long submit. So soon as Federal bayonets were gone, fair means or foul were certain to remove the scepter from colored hands. Precisely this happened. Without the slightest formal change of constitution or of statute the Southern States one

by one passed into the control of their white inhabitants.

Where white men's aims could not be realized by persuasion or other mild means, resort was had to intimidation and force. The chief instrumentality at first used for keeping colored voters from the polls was the Ku-Klux Klan, a secret society organized in Tennessee in 1866. It sprung from the old night patrol of slavery times. Then, every Southern gentleman used to serve on this patrol, whose duty it was to whip severely every negro found absent from home without a pass from his master. Its first *post bellum* work was not ill-meant, and its severities came on gradually. Its greatest activity was in Tennessee, Arkansas, and Mississippi, where its awful mysteries and gruesome rites spread utter panic among the superstitious blacks. Men visited negroes' huts and "mummicked" about, at first with sham magic, not with arms at all. One would carry a flesh bag in the shape of a heart and go around "hollering for fried nigger meat." Another would put on an India-rubber stomach to startle the negroes by swallowing pailfuls of water. Another represented that he had been killed at Manassas, since which time "some one had built a turnpike over his grave and he had to scratch like h—l to get up through the gravel." The lodges were "dens," the members "ghouls," "giants," "goblins," "titans," "furies," "dragons," and "hydras" were names of different classes among the officers.

Usually the mere existence of a "den" anywhere was sufficient to render docile every negro in the vicinity. If more was required, a half-dozen "ghouls" making their nocturnal rounds in their

hideous masks and long white gowns, frightened all but the most hardy. Any who showed fight were whipt, maimed, or killed, treatment which was extended on occasion to their "carpet-bag" and "scalawag" friends—these titles denoting respectively Northern and Southern men who took the negroes' side. The very violence of the order, which it at last turned against the old Southrons themselves, brought it into disrepute with its original instigators, who were not sorry when Federal marshals, put up to it by President Grant, hunted den after den of the law-breakers to the death.

In 1870 and 1871, by the so-called Force Bills, Federal judges were given cognizance of suits against any one for depriving another of rights, privileges, or immunities under the Constitution. Fine and imprisonment were made the penalties for "conspiracy" against the United States or the execution of its laws, as by forcibly or through intimidation preventing men from voting. The army and navy were placed at the service of the President to enforce the act, and Federal judges might exclude suspected persons from sitting on juries. By this drastic measure and its rigorous execution in nine counties of South Carolina the organization was by 1873 driven out of existence. But some of its methods survived. In 1875 several States adopted and successfully worked the "Mississippi plan," which was, by whatever necessary means, to nullify black votes until white majorities were assured. Less violent than the Ku-Klux way, this new one was equally thorough.

II

PHASES OF RECONSTRUCTION IN SOUTH CAROLINA

BY DANIEL H. CHAMBERLAIN [1]

Let us look at our State when the reconstruction acts first took effect in 1868. A social revolution had been accomplished—an entire reversal of the political relations of most of our people had ensued. The class which formerly held all the political power of our State were stript of all.

The class which had formerly been less than citizens, with no political power or social position, were made the sole depositaries of the political power of the State. I refer now to practical results, not to theories. The numerical relations of the two races here were such that one race, under the new laws, held absolute political control of the State.

The attitude and action of both races under these new conditions, while not unnatural, was, as I must think, unwise and unfortunate. One race stood aloof and haughtily refused to seek the con-

[1] From a letter written by Mr. Chamberlain in 1871. He was a Northern man, born and reared in Massachusetts, and had served in the Union Army during the Civil War. In 1866 he settled in South Carolina, where he became a cotton planter. From 1868 to 1872 he was Attorney-General of the State. The letter here given was written while he was Attorney-General. Two years later he was chosen Governor after the State had for years suffered from incompetent, disorganized, and extravagant government, dominated by negro suffrage.

fidence of the race which was just entering on its new powers; while the other race quickly grasped all the political power which the new order of things had placed within their reach.

From the nature of the case, the one race were devoid of political experience, of all or nearly all education, and depended mainly for all these qualities upon those who, for the most part, chanced to have drifted here from other States, or who, in very rare instances, being former residents of the State, now allied themselves with the other race. No man of common prudence, or who was even slightly familiar with the working of social forces, could have then failed to see that the elements which went to compose the now dominant party were not of the kind which produce public virtue and honor, or which could long secure even public order and peace.

I make all just allowance for exceptional cases of individual character, but I say that the result to be expected, from the very nature of the situation in 1868, was that a scramble for office would ensue among the members of the party in power, which, again, from the nature of the case, must result in filling the offices of the State, local and general, with men of no capacity and little honesty or desire to really serve the public.

The nation had approved the reconstruction measures, not because they seemed to be free of danger, nor because they were blind to the very grave possibilities of future evils, but in the hope that the one race, wearing its new laurels and using its new powers with modesty and forbearance, would gradually remove the prejudices and enlist the sympathies and cooperation of the other race,

until a fair degree of political homogeneity should be reached, and race lines should cease to mark the limits of political parties.

Three years have passed and the result is—what? Incompetency, dishonesty, corruption in all its forms, have "advanced their miscreated fronts," have put to flight the small remnant that opposed them, and now rules the party which rules the State.

You may imagine the chagrin with which I make this statement. Truth alone compels it. My eyes see it—all my senses testify to the startling and sad fact. I can never be indifferent to anything which touches the fair fame of that great national party to which all my deepest convictions attach me, and I repel the libel which the party bearing that name in this State is daily pouring upon us. I am a Republican by habit, by conviction, by association, but my republicanism is not, I trust, composed solely of equal parts of ignorance and rapacity.

Such is the plain statement of the present condition of the dominant party of our State. What is the remedy? That a change will come, and come speedily, let no man doubt. Corruption breeds its own kind. Ignorance rushes to its downfall. Close behind any political party which tolerates such qualities in its public representatives stalks the headsman. If the result is merely political disruption let us be profoundly thankful. Let us make haste to prevent it from being social disruption—the sundering of all the bonds which make society and government possible.

THE CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST CENTENARY

(1876)

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS[1]

Philadelphia was naturally chosen as the seat of the Exposition. Here the nation was born, a fact of which much remained to testify. Among the ancient buildings were the "Old Swedes'" Church, built in 1700, Christ Church, begun only twenty-seven years later, still in perfect preservation, St. Peter's, built in 1758-1761, and the sequestered Friends' Meeting-house, built in 1808. The Penn Treaty Monument, unimpressive in appearance, marked the site of the elm under which Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians. Carpenters' Hall, still owned by the Carpenters' Company which built it, had been made to resume the appearance it bore when, in 1774, the first Continental Congress assembled under its roof. In the center of a line of antique edifices known as State-house Row, stood Independence Hall, erected 1732-1735. The name specifically applied to the large first-floor east room, in which the second Continental Congress adopted the Declaration of Independence. In 1824 Lafayette held a great reception here, and six years later it was consecrated to the past. Revolutionary portraits and relics were placed in it, and the building restored

[1] From Andrews's "History of the Last Quarter-Century of the United States," 1870-1895. By permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyright, 1895, 1896.

to its original conditions. In 1854 the old Liberty Bell was taken down from the tower into the hall, and the walls enriched by a large number of portraits from the Peale Gallery. A keeper was then appointed and the hall opened to visitors.

In Fairmount Park, beyond the Schuylkill, a level plat of over 200 acres was enclosed, and appropriate buildings erected. Five enormous structures, the Main Buildings, with Machinery, Agricultural, Horticultural, and Memorial Halls, towered above all the rest. Several foreign governments built structures of their own. Twenty-six States did the same. Thirty or more buildings were put up by private enterprise in order the better to present industrial processes and products. In all more than two hundred edifices stood within the enclosure.

The Exposition opened on May 10th, with public exercises, a hundred thousand people being present. Wagner had composed a march for the occasion. Whittier's Centennial Hymn, a noble piece, was sung by a chorus of one thousand voices.

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine,
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and fallen chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

The restored South chanted the praises of the Union in the words of Sidney Lanier, the Georgia poet. President Grant then declared the Exposition open. Further simple but impressive ceremonies were held on July 4th, in the public square at the rear of Independence Hall. On temporary platforms sat 5,000 distinguished guests, and a chorus of 1,000 singers. The square and the neighboring streets were filled with a dense throng. Richard Henry Lee, grandson of the mover of the Declaration of Independence, came to the front with the original document in his hands. At sight of that yellow and wrinkled paper the vast throng burst into prolonged cheering. Mr. Lee read the declaration, Bayard Taylor recited an ode, and Hon. William M. Evarts delivered an oration.

In the Main Building, erected in a year, at a cost of $1,700,000, manufactures were exhibited, also products of the mine, along with innumerable other evidences of scientific and educational progress. More than a third of the space was reserved for the United States, the rest being divided among foreign countries. The products of all climates, tribes, and times were here. Great Britain, France, and Germany exhibited the work of their myriad roaring looms side by side with the wares of the Hawaiian Islands and the little Orange Free State. Here were the furs of Russia, with other articles from the frozen North; there the flashing diamonds of Brazil, and the rich shawls and waving plumes of India. At a step one passed from old Egypt to the latest born South American republic. Chinese conservatism and Yankee enterprize confronted each other across the aisle.

From the novelty of the foreign display the

American visitor turned proudly to the handiwork of his own hand. Textiles, arms, tools, musical instruments, watches, carriages, cutlery, books, furniture—a bewildering display of all things useful and ornamental, made him realize as never before the wealth, intelligence, and enterprise of his native country, and the proud station to which she had risen among the nations of the earth. Three-fourths of the space in Machinery Hall was taken up with American machinery.

Memorial Hall, a beautiful permanent building of granite, erected by Pennsylvania and Philadelphia at a cost of $1,500,000, was given up to art. This was the poorest feature of the Exposition, tho the collection was the largest and most notable ever till then seen this side the Atlantic. America had few art works of the first order to show, while foreign nations, with the exception of England, which contributed a noble lot of paintings, including works by Gainsborough and Reynolds, feared to send their choicest products across the sea. All through the summer and early autumn, spite of the unusual heat that year, thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the country and the word filled the fair grounds and the city. Amid the crowds of visitors Philadelphians became strangers in their own streets. On September 28, Pennsylvania day, 275,000 persons passed the gates. During October the visitors numbered over two and a half millions. From May 10th to November 10th, the closing day, the total admissions were 9,900,000. The aggregate attendance was larger than at any previous international exhibition, except that of Paris in 1867. The admissions there reached 10,200,000, but the gates were open fifty-one days longer.

THE HAYES-TILDEN ELECTION

(1876)

BY EDWARD STANWOOD[1]

The nomination of Mr. Hayes seemed inevitable after the fifth ballot was announced. Mr. Hayes was the only candidate who had made a gain on every vote; and as he was, if not very well known, entirely unobjectionable to the friends of all other candidates, it was less difficult to concentrate votes upon him than upon any other person in the list. Mr. Blaine, who was informed by telegraph at his house in Washington of the progress of the voting, wrote a dispatch congratulating Mr. Hayes immediately on receiving the result of the fifth vote.

The Democrats met at St. Louis two weeks later. The convention was deprived of much of its interest by the fact that Mr. Tilden's lead for the nomination was so very great. He was known to have more than four hundred delegates out of the whole convention of 744, and while his candidacy was opposed, the opposition came from States which nevertheless chose unanimous delegations in his favor. The delegates chosen in the interest of other candidates were for the latter, but not against Tilden. His nomination was therefore universally expected, except by the more sanguine friends of other candidates. . . .

[1] From Stanwood's "History of Presidential Elections." By permission of and by arrangement with the authorized pubilshers, Houghton, Mifflin Co. Copyright, 1884, 1888, 1892.

The polls had hardly closed on the day of election, the 7th of November, when the Democrats began to claim the Presidency. The returns came in so unfavorably for the Republicans that there was hardly a newspaper organ of the party which did not, on the following morning, concede the election of Mr. Tilden. He was believed to have carried every Southern State, as well as New York, Indiana, New Jersey, and Connecticut. The whole number of electoral votes was 369. If the above estimate were correct, the Democratic candidates would have 203 votes, and the Republican candidates 166 votes. But word was sent out on the same day from Republican headquarters at Washington that Hayes and Wheeler were elected by one majority; that the States of South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana had chosen Republican electors.

Then began the most extraordinary contest that ever took place in the country. The only hope of the Republicans was in the perfect defense of their position. The loss of a single vote would be fatal. An adequate history of the four months between the popular election and the inauguration of Mr. Hayes would fill volumes. Space can be given here for only a bare reference to some of the most important events. Neither party was over-scrupulous, and no doubt the acts of some members of each party were grossly illegal and corrupt. Certain transactions preceding the meetings of electors were not known until long afterward, when the key to the famous "cipher dispatches" was accidentally revealed.

In four States, South Carolina, Florida, Louisiana, and Oregon, there were double returns. In

South Carolina there were loud complaints that detachments of the army, stationed near the polls, had prevented a fair and free election. Altho the Board of State Canvassers certified to the choice of the Hayes electors, who were chosen on the face of the returns, the Democratic candidates for electors met on the day fixt for the meeting of electors and cast ballots for Tilden and Hendricks. In Florida there were allegations of fraud on both sides. The canvassing board and the governor certified to the election of the Hayes electors, but, fortified by a court decision in their favor, the Democratic electors also met and voted. In Louisiana there was anarchy. There were two governors, two returning boards, two sets of returns showing different results, and two electoral colleges. In Oregon the Democratic governor adjudged one of the Republican electors ineligible, and gave a certificate to the highest candidate on the Democratic list. The Republican electors, having no certificate from the governor, met and voted for Hayes and Wheeler. The Democratic elector, whose appointment was certified to by the governor, appointed two others to fill the vacancies, when the two Republican electors would not meet with him, and the three voted for Tilden and Hendricks. All of these cases were very complicated in their incidents, and a brief account which should convey an intelligible idea of what occurred is impossible.

As soon as the electoral votes were cast it became a question of the very first importance how they were to be counted. It was evident that the Senate would refuse to be governed by the twenty-second joint rule—in fact, the Senate voted to rescind the rule—and it was further evident that

if the count were to take place in accordance with that rule it would result in throwing out electoral votes on both sides on the most frivolous pretexts. It was asserted by the Republicans that, under the Constitution, the President of the Senate alone had the right to count, in spite of the fact that the joint rule, the work of their party, had assumed the power for the two Houses of Congress. On the other hand, the Democrats, who had always denounced that rule as unconstitutional, now maintained that the right to count was conferred upon Congress. A compromise became necessary, and the moderate men on both sides determined to effect the establishment of a tribunal, as evenly divided politically as might be, which should decide all disputed questions so far as the Constitution gave authority to Congress to decide them. The outcome of their efforts was the Electoral Commission law of 1877, which was passed as originally reported. . . .

At the time the count began, on the 1st of February, 1877, each party was confident of victory. The Democrats relied upon a great variety of objections which had been prepared, the sustaining of any one of which would be sufficient to give the election to Mr. Tilden. The Republican hope was in a refusal of the commission to "go behind the returns." Senator Thomas W. Ferry, of Michigan, President *pro tempore* of the Senate, was the presiding officer. The count proceeded, under the law, in the alphabetical order of the States. When the vote of Florida was reached, the certificates of the Hayes and also of the Tilden electors were read. Objections were made to each. The Democrats asserted that the Hayes electors were not

duly chosen; that the certificate of the governor to their election was the result of a conspiracy; that its validity, if any, had been annulled by a subsequent certificate by the governor, to the effect that the Tilden electors were chosen; that a court decision made certain the election of the Democratic electors; and that one of the Republican electors was a shipping commissioner under appointment from the Government of the United States at the time of his election, and was therefore disqualified. The Republican objection to the Tilden votes was that the returns were not duly authenticated by any person holding at the time an office under the State of Florida. It was only on the 7th of February that the commission, after very long arguments by eminent counsel selected to appear for the two parties, decided the case of Florida.

The decision was that it was not competent for the commission "to go into evidence *aliunde* the papers opened by the President of the Senate, to prove that other persons than those regularly certified to by the governor" were appointed. With reference to the case of the elector alleged to have been disqualified, it was decided that the evidence did not show that he held an office on the day of his appointment. The several votes were passed by eight to seven—all the Republicans being on one side, and all the Democrats on the other. The formal decision, which was submitted to the two Houses, was that the four Hayes electors, naming them, were duly appointed electors, and that their votes were the constitutional votes. The Houses met on February 10, and received this decision. Formal

objection was then made to the decision of the Electoral Commission, and the Houses separated to consider it. The Senate, by a strict party vote, decided that the votes shall be counted. The House of Representatives, by a vote which was on party lines, except that one Democrat voted with the Republicans, voted that the electoral votes given by the Tilden electors should be counted. The two Houses not having agreed in rejecting the decision of the commission, it stood, and the joint session was resumed. The votes of Florida having been recorded, the count proceeded until Louisiana was reached.

The Republican objections to the Tilden votes from Louisiana were, like those to the votes of Florida, brief and formal. The government, of which W. P. Kellogg was the head, had been recognized by every department of the Government of the United States as the true government of Louisiana, and the certificates of the Hayes electors certified by him were in due form. The Democrats made a great variety of objections to the Hayes votes. They asserted that John McEnery was the lawful Governor of the State; that the certificates asserting the appointment of the Hayes electors were false; and that the canvass of votes by the returning board was without jurisdiction and void. Special objection was made to three of the electors; to two of them as being disqualified, under the Constitution; and to the third, Governor Kellogg, because he certified to his own election. Several days were consumed in argument before the commission. On the 16th of February the commission voted, once more by eight to seven, that the evidence offered to prove that the Tilden elec-

tors were chosen be not received, and that the certificates of the Hayes electors were the true votes of Louisiana. The decision having been communicated to the two Houses, the count was resumed on the 19th. Objection was made to the decision of the commission, and the two Houses separated again to act upon them. The Senate voted, by 41 to 28, that the decision of the commission should stand. The House voted that the electoral votes cast by the Hayes electors for Louisiana ought not to be counted—173 to 99. In each case this was a party vote, except that two Republicans in the House voted with the Democrats. . . .

To the Hayes votes in South Carolina the Democrats next objected that there was no legal election in the State, that there was not, in South Carolina, during the year 1876, a Republican form of government, and that the army and the United States deputy marshals stationed at and near the polls prevented the free exercise of the right of suffrage. The Republicans asserted that the Tilden board was not duly appointed, and that the certificates were wholly defective in form and lacking the necessary official certification. The papers having been referred to the Electoral Commission, that body met again on the 26th. Senator Thurman was obliged to retire from service upon the commission, on account of illness, and Senator Francis Kernan was substituted for him. After a day devoted to arguments, the commission voted unanimously that the Tilden electors were not the true electors of South Carolina, and, by the old majority of eight to seven, that the Hayes electors were the constitutional electors duly appointed. The two Houses separated upon renewed objec-

tions to the decision of the commission, and as before the Senate sustained the finding, while the Houses voted to reject it. . . . .

Question after question was decided uniformly in favor of the Republicans. It became evident to the Democrats that their case was lost. They charged gross partizanship upon the Republican members of the Electoral Commission, in determining every point involved in the dual returns for their own party, tho as a matter of fact there does not seem to have been much room for choice between the two parties on the score of partizanship. Each member of the commission favored by his vote that view which would result in adding to the electoral vote of his own party. But as the result of the count became more and more certainly a Republican triumph, the anger of the Democrats rose. Some of them were for discontinuing the count; and the symptoms of a disposition to filibuster so that there should be no declaration of the result gave reason for public disquietude. But the conservative members of the party were too patriotic to allow the failure of a law which they had been instrumental in passing to lead to anarchy or revolution, and they sternly discountenanced all attempts to defeat the conclusion of the count. The summing up of the votes was read by Mr. Allison on the 2d of March, amid great excitement. . .

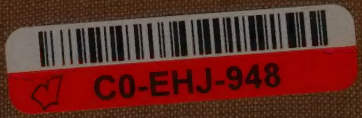
Mr. Ferry thereupon declared Rutherford B. Hayes elected President, and William A. Wheeler Vice-President, of the United States. The decision was acquiesced in peaceably by the whole country, and by men of every party. But the Democrats have never ceased to denounce the whole affair as a fraud, and some newspapers have steadily re-

fused to speak of Mr. Hayes as having ever bee rightfully in possession of the Presidential offic Their anger at the time was very great, since the believed that Mr. Tilden was fairly elected.[2]

[2] Soon after the inauguration of Mr. Hayes militar rule in the Southern States came to an end. It ha existed there since the Civil War. The new administra tion found two Southern States with two separate Sta governments—South Carolina and Louisiana. It decide to withdraw from the state-houses of these States th United States troops still stationed there. After this wa done the Democratic governors, Hampton in South Carolin and Nicholls in Louisiana, became sole governors, the R publicans withdrawing and turning over State records an papers to the Democrats.

It has generally been conceded that this action, on th part of President Hayes, was influenced materially by th closeness of the contest over the election, and the nature o his title to the office. It has even been said that Sout Carolina and Louisiana took no determined action agains the decision of the returning boards in favor of the Haye electors because of an understanding that Hayes, if seated would withdraw the Federal troops from those States. I seemed clear that there was no bargain of this sort to whic Mr. Hayes himself was a party, altho men eminent in th counsels of the Republican organization are believed to hav led Southern leaders to understand that Mr. Hayes woul withdraw the troops if he should secure the seat.

Of the results achieved in the South since reconstructio was abandoned, George Cary Eggleston remarks in hi recent "History of the Confederate War," that they const tute "a material prosperity greater than any ever dreame of in that region before." Resources that had lain dorman for generations have been developed and the cotton industr has been increased threefold. Before the war the greates cotton crop ever harvested was 4,669,000 bales, while i recent years more than 12,000,000 bales have been har vested; in 1911 the total was close to 15,000,000 bales A stupendous economic revolution has in fact occurred, on whose "rewards to industry, to capital and to enterprise ar such as the wildest visionary would have laughed at as futile dream when the South lay stript and stricken an staggering under its burden of perplexities."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